But them that fæde on cloddes, in steed of pleasant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gapes.
Full loth I am, yet must I tell them in words plaine,
This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire words make fooles faine.

Woe worth the time that words so slowly turne to dædes,
Woe worth the time that faire swæte flowers are growne to rotten weedes.
But thrise woe worth the time, that trueth away is fled,
Wherein I sæ how simple hartes, with words are dainly fed.
Trust not faire words therfore, where no dæds do insue,
Trust words as skilfull Faulkners do, trust Haukes that neuer flue.
Trust dædes, let words be words, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wise, and let words make fooles faine.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

8. In his extreme sickneſſe.

What græus my bones, and makes my body faint?
What prickes my flesh, and teares my head in twaine?
Why do I wake, when rest should me attaint?
When others laugh why do I liue in paine?
I tosse, I turne, I change from side to side,
And stretch me oft, in sorrowes linckes betide.

I tosse, as one betost in waues of care,
I turne to flye the woes of loathsome life:
I change, to spie if death this corpes might spare,
I stretch to heauen to rid me of this strife.
Thus do I stretch, and change, and tosse, and turne,
While I in hope of heauen my life do burne.

Then holde thée still let be thy heauineſſe,
Abolish care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes sone shalt thou finde redresse,
When oft be tost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
Then tosse and turne, and tumble frank and free,
O happie thrise, when thou in heauen shalt be.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

2/6

2/6

To the right honorable Sir Henry Compton Knight, Lord Compton of Compton.

RIght, Honorable and my verye good Lord (presuming vpon your curtesie) I am bolde to present vnto your honour this smal Volume, Intituled, *The Paradise of dainty Deuises*, being penned by diuers learned Gentlmen, and collected together through the trauaile of one both of Worshipe and credit, for his priuat vse, who not long since departed this life: which when I had perused ouer, not without the aduise of sundrie of my freendes, I determined by their good motion to set this in Print, who therevnto greatly perswaded me, with these and like wordes. The writers of them were both of Honour and Woorshippe, besides that, our owne Cuntrymen, and such as for their learning and grauitie might be accoumpted of among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties both pithie & pleasant, as well for the inuention as Meeter, & will yeeld a far greater delight, being as they are so aptlye made to be set to anie songe in fiue partes. or song to Instruements. Which wel considring, I purposed not to forsl so good an occasion, beseeching your honour to accept in good part, chefly for the Authors sakes, who though some of them are departed this life, yet their woorthie doings shall continue for euer, for like as the shadowe followeth the body, so praise followeth vertue, and as the shadow goeth sometimes before, & sometimes behinde, so dooth praise also to vertue: but the later it commeth, the greater it is, and to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing to offend your Honour with these my rude speeches, I end, wishing your Lordship many yeeres of ioye.

Your Lordships wholy to command. H. Dizle.

1580

The translation of the blessed S. Barnardes

Verses containing the vnstable felicitie of this Wayfaring Worlde.

Cur mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur eius potentia, quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

Why doth each state applye it selfe to worldly praise?
And vndertake such toyle to heape vp honors gaine:
Whose seat though seeming sure on fickle fortune staies,
Whose gifts were neuer proued perpetuall to remaine,
But euen as earthen pot, with euery fillip failes:
So Fortune fauour flits, & Fame with Honour quailes.

Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie quám mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in præmijs, virtutis specie, quæ nunquã habuit, tempus fiduciæ.

I thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Ice,
Whose substance subiect is to heat of shining Sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay in wanton worlds deuice,
Whose faigned fond delights, from falshodes forge do come.
And vnder vertues veile are largely delt about,
Deceiuing those who thinke their date will out.

Magis credendum est viris fallacibus, quám mundi miseris prosperita-
Falcis insanijs & voluptatibus, falisque studijs & vanitatibus. (tibus.

The trifling trueths tung of rumours lying lippes,
Deserues more trust then doth the highest happy hap:
What worlde to worldlings giues, for see how honour slippes,
To foolish fond conceits, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studies false in proofe, to artes applyed to gaine,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wisedome deemeth vaine.

Dick vbi *Salomon* olim tam nobilis, vel vbi *Sampson* est, dux inuincibilis
Vel dulcis *Ionathas* multũ amabilis, vel pulcher *Absolon* vultu mirabilis

Where is the sacred king that Salomon the wise?
Whose wisedome for[illegible] did commend:
Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arme did cause the Gaitie pillers bend.

Where

Where is the peereles Prince the frendly Ionathas?
Or Absolon whose shape and fauour did surpasse?

Quó *Cæsar* abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prædio,
Dic vbi *Tullius* claris eloquio, vel *Aristotilus* summus ingenio.

Where is that Cæsar now, whose high renowned fame,
Of sundrie conquestes wonne throughout the worlde did sound?
Or Diues rich in store, and rich in richly name,
Whose Chist with golde, and dish with dainties did abound?
Where is the passing grace of Tullies pleading skill?
Or Aristotiles vaine, whose pen had wit and will?

O esca vermium, ô massi pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitús vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus quã diu poteris

O foode of filthie worme, oh lumpe of loathsome clay,
O life full like the dew, which morning Sunne doth waste:
O shadow vaine, whose shape with Sunne doth shrinke away,
Why gloriest thou so much in honour to be plaste,
Sith that no certaine howre of life thou doest enioy:
Most fit it were thy time in goodnes to employ.

Quẽ breue festum est hæc mundi gloria, vt vmbra hominũ sic eius gaudia,
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna primia, & ducunt hominum ad dura decria.

How short a banquet, seemes the pompe of high renowne,
How like the senceless shape of shiuering shaddowes thine?
Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe,
Our harts from hope, and handes from workes, which heauen should win
And takes vs from the trode, which guides to endles game,
And sets vs in the way, that leads to lasting paine?

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in literis, flos fœni dicitur
Vt leui folium quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, hac vita tollitur.

The pompe of worldly praise, which worldlings hould so deere,
In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flowre:
Whose date doth not containe, a weeke, a month, a yeere,
But springing now, doth fade againe within an howre.
And as the lightest leafe, with winde about is throwne,
So light is lyfe of man, and lightly vents is blowne.

FINIS. My hart is losse.

Our

1. Our pleasures are but vanities.

BEholde the blast, which blowes the blossomes from the trée,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to naught we sée:
Ere thou therefore be blowne from lyfe that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Haue minde on brittle lyfe, whose pleasures are but vaine,
On death likewise bethinke, how thou shalt not remaine:
And feare the Lord to greéue, which sought thy soule to saue.
To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who doth not spare, the Kings on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thée, thy pleasure, life, and will.
That life which yet remaines, and in thy breast appéres,
Hath sowen in thee such séedes, you ought to wéede with teares.

And life that shall succéede, when death is worne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in ioye or paine to last:
Where death on life, hath power ye sée, that life also,
Hath mowen the fruits of death, which neuer more shall grow.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

2. Who waiteth on this wauering world, and vieweth each estate,
By tryall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.

AMid the vale the tender shrub is hid from all mishappe,
When taller trées that stands aloft, is rent with thunder clappe.
The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with euery blast,
Some shiuerd are their stones with storme, and quickly ouer cast.
Best bodied trée in all the wode for timber beame is found,
And to the Axe the sturdiest Oke, doth yéelde and fall to ground.
The highest hill doth soonest féele, the flash of lightnings flame,
And some decayes the pompe and pride, of high renowned name.
Of all the Heard the Huntsman sékes, by proofe as doth appeare,
With couble forked arrow head, to wound the greatest Deare.
The haughtiest head of all the drone, enioyeth the shortest life,
And staines the slaughter house with blode, at pricke of Butchers knife.
Thus what thing highest places attaines, are soonest ouerthrowne:
What euer Fortune sets aloft, she threats to throw it downe.
And though no force [illegible] and séeke thee to confound,

yet doth the praiſe of waightie things decline it ſelfe to ground.
For reſtles tipe of rowling whæle, example hath it tride:
To heauy burden yeelde it muſt, full ſone and ſlip aſide.
What vailes the rich his bed of Downe, the ſighes for ſlæpleſſe thoughte,
What time in coach of flocke, the poore ſleepes ſound and feareth nought,
At homely boorde his quiet foode, his drinkes in træne be tane,
When oft the proude in cuppes of golde, with wine receiue their bane.
The bed the bourde, they dread in doubt, with traine to be oppreſt,
When Fortune frownes, their power muſt yælde, as wier vnto the wreſt
Who ſo thou be that ſits a lowe, and tread the valleyes path,
Thou nædes not feare the thunder bolts, of mightie Ioue his wrath.
If Icarus had not preſum'de, to high to take his flight,
Ye had not yet bæne drounde in Seas, that now Icarion hight.
If Phæton had not enterpriſed, to guide his Fathers ſeate,
His fiers had not enflamed the worlde, nor bæne deſtroyed with heat.
But who ſo climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of ſtay,
The higher vp, the ſoner downe, and nearer his decay.
Then you that beere in pompe are plaſt, to guide the golden Mace,
Let Crowne and Scepter both obey, the meane of vertues race.
For neither ſhall renowned Vertue, fæ the pitte of hel,
Nor yet in tombe of Marble ſtone, ſhe ſhall abide to dwell.
And in that tombe full brauely deckt, when that ſhe ſhall departe,
God ſend her reſt and all things well, according to deſart.
But from ſepulcher flies ſhe hence, beyond the ſkies aboue,
And glittering in the bliſſfull ſtarres, ſhe raignes with mightie Ioue.

FINIS. Iaſper Haywood.

3. The perfect tryell of a freend.

NOt ſtayed ſtate, but fæble ſtay, not coſtly robes, but bare array.
Not paſſed welth, but preſent want, not heaped ſtore, but ſlender ſcat,
Not plenties purſe, but poore eſtate, not happie hap, but froward fate.
Not wiſh at will, but want of Joy, not harts good health, but harts annoy
Not frædomes vſe, but priſoners thrall, not coſtly ſeat, but loweſt fall.
Not weale I meane, but wretched woe, doth truely try the frend from foe
And nought but froward fortun proues, who faining faines, or ſimplie lo-
(ues.

FINIS. M. Yloop.

4. Being asked the occaſion of his white head, he anſwered thus

WHere ſighing ſighes, and ſorrow ſobbes,
hath ſtaine the ſtippes that Nature ſet:

And scalding showers, with stonye throbbes,
The kindly sap from them hath fet.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haires to bee.

Where thought hath thilde, a thrown his speares,
To hurt the hart that harmeth him not:
And groning griefe hath ground swth teares,
Mine eies to staine my face with spot.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haires to be.

When pinching paine him selfe hath plaste,
There peace with pleasure were possest.
And where the walles of welth lay waste,
And pouertie in them is prest.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Where wretched woe, will weaue her webbe,
Where Care the clew can catch and cast,
And floudes of Joy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last.
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white haires to be.

These haires of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray:
They be of death the Harbengers,
That doth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I Joy that you may see,
Upon my head such haires to bee.

They be the lines that lead the length.
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to bee.

They be the ſtringes of ſober ſound,
Whoſe Muſicqne is hermonicall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground,
I came, and how thereto I ſhall.
Wherefore I toy that you may ſee,
Upon my head ſuch ſtringes to be.

God graunt that thoſe that white haires haue,
No woꝛſe them take then I haue ment:
That after they be layd in graue,
Their ſoules may toy their liues well ſpent.
God graunt likewiſe that you may ſee,
Upon your head ſuch heires to be.

FINIS. *VV. H.*

5 Beware of had I wiſt.

BEware of had I wiſt, whoſe fine bꝛinges care and ſmart:
Eſteeme of all as they deſerue, & deeme as deem'd thou art.
So ſhall thy perfect frend, enioy his hoped hire,
And faithleſſe fauning foe ſhall miſſe, th'effect of his deſire.
Good will ſhall haue his gaine, and hate ſhall heape diſpight,
A faithleſſe freend ſhall find diſtruſt, and loue ſhal reape delight
Thy ſelfe ſhall reſt in peace, thy freend ſhall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe ſhall fret at thy good hap, and I ſhall ioy thy ſtate.
But this my fond aduiſe, may ſeeme perchaunce but vaine,
As rather teaching how to loſe, then how a freend to gaine.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But ſafely how to loue and liue, is all that I intend.
And if you pꝛoue in part, and find my counſell true,
Then w ith me well foꝛ my good will, tis all I craue: adue.

FINIS. *My lucke is loſſe.*

6. M. Edwardes *May.*

WHen May is in his pꝛime then may each hart reioyce,
when may bedecks each bꝛanch wꝫ greene, eache bird ſtrains (foꝛth his voice
The liuely ſap creepes vp, into the bloming thoꝛne,
The flowers with cold in pꝛiſon kept, now laughes the froſt to ſcoꝛne.
All Natures Impes triumphes whiles ioyfull May doth laſt,
When May is gone of all the yeare the pleaſant time is paſt.

May makes the cherfull hue, May bredes and brings new blod,
May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes the mery mod,
May pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune:
Full strange it is, yet some we see, do make their May in June.
Thus thinges are strangely wrought, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gon: the pleasant time is past.

All ye that line on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May as I do now, and vse your May with skill.
Vse May while that you may, for May hath but his time:
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Your liking and your lust is fresh while May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

See the reply to it at 31.

7. Faire wordes makes Fooles fayne.

IN youthfull yéres, when first my yong desires began,
To prick me forth to serue in Courte, a slender tall young man,
My fathers blessing then, I asked vpon my knée:
Who blessing me with trembling hand, these wordes gan say to me.
My sonne God guide thy way, and shéld thée from mischaunce,
And make thy lust desertes in Courte, thy poore estate t'aduance.
Yet when thou art become, one of the Courtly traine:
Think on this Prouerb old (quoth he) that faire words make fooles faine

This Counsaile grauely giuen, most strange appéres to me.
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see.
What subtill slights are wrought, by painted tales deuise,
When hollow hartes with frendly shewes, the simple do entise.
To thinke all golde that shines, to fede their fond desire:
Whose shiuering cold is warmd with smoke, in sted of flaming fire.
With talke of tickle trust, doth bréd a hope most vaine:
This Prouerb true by proofe I finde, that faire words make fooles faine.

Faire speach alway doth well, where dédes ensue faire wordes,
Faire spéche againe alway doth euill, that bushes giue for birdes.
Who hopes to haue faire wordes, to trye his luckie lot,
If any counsell, let him strike it whiles the Iron is whot.

Ent

But them that fæde on cloddes, in ſteed of pleaſant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke ſtill gapes.
Full loth I am, yet muſt I tell them in wordes plaine,
This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire wordes make fooles faine.

Woe worth the time that wordes ſo ſlowly turne to dædes,
Woe worth the time that faire ſwæte flowers are growne to rotten (wædes.
But thrise woe worth the time, that trueth away is fled,
Wherein I ſæ how ſimple hartes, with wordes are vainly fed.
Truſt not faire wordes therfore, where no dæds dw inſue,
Truſt wordes as ſkilfull Faulkners dw, truſt Yaukes that neuer flue.
Truſt dædes, let wordes be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wiſe, and let wordes make fooles faine.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

8. In his extreme ſickneſſe.

What græns my bones, and makes my body faint?
What prickes my fleſh, and teares my head in twaine?
Why dw I wake, when reſt ſhould me attaint?
When others laugh why dw I liue in paine?
I toſſe, I turne, I change from ſide to ſide,
And ſtretch me oft, in ſorrowes linckes betide.

I toſſe, as one betoſt in waues of care,
I turne to flye the woes of loathſome life:
I change, to ſpie if death this corpes might ſpare,
I ſtretch to heauen to rid me of this ſtrife.
Thus dw I ſtretch, and change, and toſſe, and turne,
While I in hope of heauen my life dw burne.

Then holde thæ ſtill let be thy heauineſſe,
Aboliſh care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes ſons ſhalt thou finde redreſſe,
When oft be toſt, hence thou to heauen muſt goe.
Then toſſe and turne, and tumble frank and free,
O happie thrise, when thou in heauen ſhalt be.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

9. For Christmas day.

Reioyce, Reioyce, with hart and voice,
In Christes byrth this day reioyce.

FRom Virgins womb this day did spring,
The precious seed that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce, and sweetly sing,
Since on this day saluation first began.
This day did Christe mans soule from death remoue,
With glorious Saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and vnitie:
This day mans greefe began for to surcease,
This day did man receiue a remedie.
For each offence and euery deadly sinne,
With gilty hart that erst he wandered in.

In Christes flock, let loue be surely plasse,
From Christes flock, let concord hate expell:
Of Christes flock, let loue be so embrasse,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwell.
Christ is the author of Vnitie,
From whence procedeth all felicitie.

O sing vnto this glittering glorious king,
O praise his name, let euerie liuing thing:
Let hart and voice, like Belles of siluer ring,
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of sweet delight,
The ioy of Christes birth this day resight.

FINIS. *F. Kindlemarsh.*

10. For Easter day.

ALl mortall men this day reioyce, in Christ that you redeemed hath,
By death with death sing we with ioye, to him that hath appeasde Gods wrath.
Due vnto man for sinfull paths, wherein before he went astray,
Giue thankes to him with perfect faith, that for mankinde hath made this glorious day.

Thi

This day he rose frō tombe againe, where in his pꝛecious coꝛpes was laid
Whom cruelly the Iewes had slaine, with bloody woundes full ill arayd.
O man be now no moꝛe dismaide, if thou henceforth from sinne do stay,
Of death thou needest not to be afraide Chꝛiste conquered death foꝛ
this his gloꝛious day
His death pꝛeuailed had no whit, as Paule the Apostle well doth wꝛite,
Except he had vpꝛaised it, from death to life by God like might:
With most triumphant glittering light.
This day his gloꝛie shined I say, and made vs bꝛight as Sunne
this gloꝛious day.
O man aꝛise with Chꝛist theꝛfoꝛe, since he from sinne hath made thee fꝛee,
Beware thou fall in sinne no moꝛe, but ꝛise as Chꝛist did ꝛise foꝛ thee.
So mayest thou him in gloꝛy see, when he at day of Doome shall say,
Come thou my Childe and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to see
that gloꝛious day. FINIS. *Iesper Haywood.*

11. For Whit sonday.

COme holy Ghost eternall God, and ease the wofull gꝛeefe,
That thꝛough the heapes of heauie sinne, can no where finde releefe.
Do thou O God redꝛesse,
The great distꝛesse,
Of sinfull heauinesse.

Come comfoꝛt the afflicted thoughtes of my consumed hart,
O rid the pearcing paines of my toꝛmenting smart.
O holy Ghost graunt me,
That I by thee,
From sinne may purged be.

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
Noꝛ glittering golde, noꝛ pꝛecious stones, shall make me leane thy
O teach me then the way, lawes,
Wherby I may,
Make thee my onely stay.

My lipes, my tung, my hart, and all shall spꝛead thy mighty name,
My voice shall neuer cease to sound, the pꝛaises of the same.
Yea euerie liuing thing,
Shall sweetly sing,
To thee (O heauenly king.) Finis *F. K.*

12. No pleasure without paine.

SWeete were the ioyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse,
Happie the life, that no mishap should taste,
Blessed the chaunce might never change successe.
Where such a life to lead, or state to proue,
Who would not wish that such a life were loue.

But O the sowre sauce of sweete vnsure,
When pleasures flye, and flye with waste of winde:
The trustlesse traines, that hoping hartes allure,
When sweete delightes do but allure the minde.
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,
While fancie feedes and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?
But O that paine with pleasure matcht should meet:
Why did the course of Nature so ordaine,
That sugred sowre must sauce the bitter sweet?
Which sowre from sweet might anie meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue?

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

13. Who mindes to bring his ship to happy shore,
Must care to know the lawes of wisdomes lore.

MY freend if thou wilt credit me in ought,
To whom the trueth by triall well appeeres:
Nought worth is wit, till it be deerely bought,
There is no wisdome but in hoarie haires.
Yet if I may of wisdome oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse,
Then to my wordes my freend thy eare incline,
The thinges that make thee wise are these I gesse.

Feare God and know thy selfe in each degree,
Be freend to all, familier but to few:
Too light of credit see thou neuer be,
For triall oft, in trust doth treason shew.
To others faultes cast not to much thy eyes,

Accuse

Accuse no man of guilt, amend thy owne,
Of medling much doth mischeefe oft arise,
And oft debate by tickle tung is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hid, to none declare
In word or deed beware of had I wist,
So spend thy good that some thou euer spare,
For freendes like Haukes do soare from emtie fist,
Cut out thy Coat according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee
Beleeue not him that once hath broake his troth,
Nor yet of gift, without desert be free.

Time quickly slippes, beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repentes a painfull age,
Begin nothing without an eye to th'end,
Nor bow thine eare from counsaile of the sage.
If thou to farre let out thy fancie slippe,
And witlesse will from reasons rule out start,
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And sore the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

To do to much for olde men is but lost,
Of frendship had to women come like gayne,
Bestow not thou on Children to much cost,
For what thou dost for these is all in vaine.
The old man or he can requite: he dyes,
Unconstant is the womans wauering minde:
Full soone the boy thy freendship will dispise,
And him for loue, thou shalt ingratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the reede that waggeth with the winde:
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
And of the three, the boy is most vnkinde.
If thou haue found a faithfull freend indeed,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steed,
Then treasure great, of golde or precious stone.

FINIS. *Iasper Haywood.*

14. Of the vnconstant time of Fortunes gifts.

IF Fortune be thy stay, thy state is verie tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false and fickle.
This day she seemes to smile, to morrow will she frowne:
What now she sets aloft, anon she throweth downe.
Flye Fortune, flye deceit, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you do intend, in happy state to abide.

Upon the setled rock, thy building surest standes,
Away it quickly wears that resteth on the sandes.
Dame Vertue is the rocke, that yeldes assurd stay,
Dame Fortune is the sand that scowreth some away.
Chose that is certaine, let thinges vncertaine passe,
Preferre the precious golde, before the brittle glasse.

Slye Fortune hath her slightes, she playes vpon the pack,
Lok whom she favours most, at length she turnes to wrack.
But Vertue simply deales, she shunes deceitfull traine,
Who is by Vertue raised vp, shall neuer fall againe.
Stick fast to Vertue then, that gives assured trust,
And flye from Fortunes frekes, that euer prove vntrust.

FINIS. F. K.

15. Promise is debt.

IN my accompt the promise that is vowed,
Emong the good is holden such a debt:
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,
That setteth light his promise to forget.
And for my part I will not link in loue,
With fickle folke, whose fancies ought remoue.

My happie gaine I do esteeme for such,
As few haue found in these our doubtfull dayes:
To finde a freend I think it be as much,
As to win a fort full fraught of noble praise,
Of all the goodes that there may be possest,
A faithfull freend I iudge to be the best.

O frendly league although to late begun,
Yet time shall trye our troth as well imployde:

And

And that we both shall see that we haue don,
Such fastned faith as cannot be destroyed.
By enuious rage, or slaunderous bitter blow,
That alwaies seekes the good to ouerthrow.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

19. No woordes but deedes.

THe wrong is great, the paine aboue my power,
that yeelds such care in doubtful dens to drowne:
Such hap is hard where Fortune doth so lower,
As freendly loke is turnd to froward frowne.
Is this the trust that faithfull freendes can finde:
With those that yet haue promise broke:
By deedes in doubt as though no woords can bind:
A vowed freend to holde him to his yoke.

Of faithlesse freend, what can assure your minde,
That doubtes so sone, before you haue cause why:
To what hard hap doth Fortune here me binde,
When woordes nor deedes, can no where satisfie.
What can I write, that hath not oft been saide:
What haue I saide, that hath not been affirmed:
What not approued that ought to be assayed:
Or what is vowed: that shall not be performed.

Cast off mistrust in hast no credit giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue that all is for the best.
And this beleeue, the Sea shall cease to flow,
The sunne to shine, within the fetled skie:
All thinges on earth, shall leaue to spring & grow,
Yea euerie foule shall want his winges to flie.

Care I in thought shall seeme once to retire,
If you my freend remaine as I desire.
Now lose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. *R. D.*

17. He desireth exchange of life.

THe day delayed, of that I most do wishe,
Wherwith I fed, and starue in one degree:
With wish and want, still serued in one dish,
Aliue as dead, by proof as you may see.
To whome of olde, this Prouerb well it serues,
while grasse doth grow, the silly horse he starues.

Twéene these extrems, thus do I ronne the race,
Of my poore life this certainly I know:
Tweene would and want vnwarely that do passe,
More swift then shot, out of the archers bow.
As spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by proof the greedy Dog doth gnaw,
The bared bone all onely for the taste:
So to and fro this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst, and fed with vaine repast.
Narcissus brought vnto the water brinke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I doo drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sick,
With smart vnseene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With prone desire, and power that is not quick,
With hope aloft, now drenched in dispaire.
Trained in trust, for no reward assignde,
The more I haste, the more I come behinde.

With hurt to heale in frozen Ice to frye,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fettered here, is forst away to flye,
As hunted Hare, that Hownde hath in the chase.
With winges and spurres for all the haste I make,
As like to loose as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desart,
The life is irke, of ioyes that be delaied:
The time short, for to requight the smart,

That

That doth proceed of promise long vnpayed.
That to the last of this my fainting breath,
I wishe exchange of life, for happie death.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

18. Of the vnstabilitie of youth.

WHen I loke back and in my selfe beholde
the wauering wayes that youth could not descry
& make ẏ fearful course that youth did holde,
And met in minde, ech step youth strayed awry.
My knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord forget these faultes and follies all.

For now I see how voide youth is of skill,
I see also his Prime time and his end:
I do confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And with a minde repentance of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth ten thousand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proud minde,
Eke wisdom hath giuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught that folly could not finde,
And age hath youth her subiect and her thrall.
Therfore I pray O Lord of life and trueth,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.
Thou that didst graunt the wise king his request,
Thou that in the Whale the Prophet didst preserue:
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest,
Thou that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue,
Thou onely God the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that to life by power didst raise the dead,
Thou that restorest the blinde to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out blead,
Thou that of fauour madest the lame goe right.
Thou that canst heale and help in all assaies,
Forgiue the gilt that grew in youths vaine waies.

And nowsince I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
Do flie to thee by prayer to appease thy Ire:
And since that thee I only seeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attaine my iust desire.
Lord minde no more youthes errour and vnskill,
And able age to do thy holy will.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

19. Most happie is that state alone,
Where woordes and deedes agree in in one.

BY painted woordes the silly simple man,
To trustlesse trap is trained now and than.
And by conceipt of sweete alluring tale,
Ye bites the baites that breedes his bitter bale.
To beauties blaze, cast not thy rouing eye,
In pleasant greene do stinging Serpentes lye.
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter tast,
In glittering glasse a poyson rankest plast.
So pleasant woordes without persourming deedes,
May well be deemed to spring of Darnell seedes.
The freendlye deede is it that quickly tries,
Where trusty faith and freendly meaning lyes.
That state therefore most happy seemes to be,
Where woordes and deedes most faithfully agree.

My freend if thou wilt keepe thy honest name,
Flye from the blot of barking slaunders blame.
Let not in word thy promise be more large,
Then thou in deede art willing to discharge.
Abhored is that false dissembling brode,
That seemes to beare two faces in one hood.
To say a thing and not to meane the same,
Will turne at length to losse of thy good name.
Wherefore my freend let double dealing goe,
In steed wherof let perfect plainenesse flow.
Doo thou no more in idle woordes exceede,
Then thou intendes to doo in verie deede.
So good report shall spread thy woorthy praise,
For being iust in word and deede alwaies.

You worldly wights, that worldly doers are,
Before you let your word slip out too farre
Consider well what inconuenience springes,
By breach of promise made in lawfull thinges.
First, God mislikes where such deceipt dooth swarme
Next, it redounеth to thy neighbours harme.
And last of all, which is not least of all,
For such offence, thy consience suffer shall.
As barren grounds, brings forth but rotten wædes,
From barren words so frutileſſe chaffe procædes.
As sauerie flowers dw spring in fertile ground,
So trusty frændes by triall sone are found.
To shun therfore the worst that may ensue,
Let dædes alwaies approu thy sainges true. Finis. *F. K.*

20. Who will aspire to dignitie, by learning must aduanced be.

The poore that liue in nædie rate, by learning dw great riches gaine,
The rich that liue in wealthy state, by learning dw their wealth (maintaine.
Thus rich and poore are furthered still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceipts of frantick youth, the golden gift of learning staies,
Of doubtfull thinges to search the trueth, learning sets forth the ready-(wayes.
O happy him doo I repute,
Whose brest is fraught with learning fruit.

(till,
There growes no corne within the fæld, that Dre & plough did neuer
Right so the minde no fruit can yælde, that is not led by learnings skill.
{ Of ignorance comes rotten wædes, }
{ Of learning springes right noble dædes. }

Like as the Captaine hath respecte to traine his souldiers in aray,
So learning dooth mans minde directe, by vertues staffe his life to stay.
{ Though frænds and fortune wareth scant, }
{ Yet learned men shall neuer want. }

(thinges,
you impes therfore in youth be sure, to fraught your minds with learned
For learning is the fountaine pure, out from the which all glory springs.
{ Who so therfore will glory win, }
{ With learning first must needes begin. } Finis *F. K.*

12. Mans

21. Mans fleeting life findes sureſt ſtay,
Where ſacred vertue beareth ſway.

THe ſturdy rock for all his ſtrength by raging ſeas is rent in twain,
The Marble ſtone is pearſt at length, with little dropes of driſling raine
The Dre doth yeeld vnto the yoke,
The ſteele obeyeth the hammer ſtroke.

The ſtately ſtagge that ſeemes ſo ſtout, by yalping hounds at bay is ſet
The ſwifteſt bird that flies about is caught at length in Fowlers Net,
The greateſt fiſh in deepeſt brook,
Is ſome deceiued with ſubtill hooke.

Yea man himſelfe vnto whoſe will, all thinges are bounden to obaye,
For all his wit and worthy ſkill, doth fade at length and fall away.
{There is nothing but time doth waſte,
The heauens, the earth, conſume at laſt.}

But vertue ſits triumphing ſtill, vpon the throne of glorious fame,
Though ſpitefull death mans body kill, yet hurts he not his verteous name,
By life or death what ſo betides,
The ſtate of vertue neuer slides.

FINIS. *M. T*

22. Nothing is comparable to a faithfull freend.

SIth this our time of freendſhip is ſo ſcant,
Sith freendſhip now in euerie place doth want.
Sith euery man of freendſhip is ſo hollow,
As no man rightly knowes which way to follow.
Ceaſe not my muſe ceaſe not in theſe our dayes,
To ring loud peales of ſacred freendſhips praiſe.

If men be now their owne peculier freendes,
And to their neighbours freendſhip none pretendes,
If men of freendſhip ſhew themſelues ſo bare,
And of their brethren take no freendly care.
Forbeare not then my muſe, nor feare not then,
To ring diſpraiſe of theſe vnfreendly men.

Did men in freendſhipe know the mighty power,
How great effectes it worketh euery hower.

What

What store of hidden freendship it retaines,
How still it powreth forth aboundant gaines.
Wan would with thee my muse in these our daies.
Ring out loud peales of sacred freendships praise.

Freendship releeueth mans necessitie,
Freendship comforteth mans aduersitie.
Freendship augmenteth mans prosperity,
Freendship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out lowd peales, of sacred freendships praise.

Of freendship commeth loue and charitie,
By freendship men are linked in amitie.
From freendship springeth all commoditie,
The fruit of frendship is fidelitie.
Oh ring my Muse ring out in these our dayes.
Peale vpon peale, of sacred freendships praise.

That man with man true freendship may embrace,
That man to man may shew a freendly face,
That euery man may sow such freendly seedes,
As freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioy with thee my muse in these our daies,
To ring loud peales of sacred freendships praise,

FINIS. *F. Kindlemarsh.*

Golden precepts.

Perhaps you think me bolde that dare presume to teache,
As one that runs beyond his race, and rowes beyond his reach.
Sometime the blinde do goe, where perfect sights do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heads of all.

If needfull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tend,
Methinkes you should of right vouchsafe your listning eares to lend.
A Whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your skils, if you attentife be.

First these among the rest, I wishe you warely heed,
That God be serud, your Prince obayed, and freendes releeu'd at need,

Then

Then look to honeſt thrift, both what and how to haue,
At night examine so the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Séeke not for others goods, be iuſt in woord and déed,
For got with ſhifts are ſpent with ſhame, beléeue this as thy créed.
Boaſt not of Natures giftes nor yet of parents name,
For Vertue is the only meane to winne a woorthy fame.

Ere thou dooſt promiſe make, conſider well the ende,
But promiſe paſt be ſure thou kéep, both with thy foe and frénd.
Threat not reuenge too much, it ſhews a Crauens kinde,
But to preuaile and then forgiue, declares a noble minde.

Forget no frénds hips debt, wiſh to requit at leaſt,
For God and man, yea all the woorld, condemes the vngratefull beaſt.
Beare not a frénd ly face, with harte of Iudas kiſſe,
It ſhewes a baſe and vile conceipt, and not where valure is.

Flye from a fauning flurt, and from a cogging mate,
Their looues bréedes loſſe their praiſe reproch, their frendſhip bréeds but hate.
Seeke not to loſe by wiles, that law and dutie bindes,
They be but helpes of Bankrouts heades, and not of honeſt mindes.

The mótions of the fleſh, and Cholers heate reſtraine.
For heapes of harmes doo dayly hap, where luſt or rage doth raigne.
In diet, deed and woordes, a modeſt meane is beſt,
Inough ſuffiſeth for a feaſt, but riot findes no reſt.

And ſo to make an end, let this be borne away,
That vertue always be thy guide ſo ſhalt thou neuer ſtray.

FINIS.

24. In praiſe of the Snaile.

THye deep turmoiled wight, that liues deuoyd of eaſe,
Whoſe waiward wits are often found more wauering thē the ſeas
Seeks ſweete repoſe abroad, and takes delight to rome,
Where reaſon leaues the Snaile for rule, to keepe a quiet home.

Leap not before thou looke, leaſt harme thy hope aſſaile,
Haſte hanock makes in hurtfull wiſe, wherfore be ſlow as Snaile.

Refraine

* Sign. Ad. Bücher - Edit. 1596. & 1600.

Refraine from rash attempt, let take hæd be thy skill,
Let wisdome bridle brainsick wit, and leasure worke thy will.

Dame reason bids I say, in thinges of doubt be slack,
Least rashnes purchase vs the wrong that wisdoms wills vs lack.
By rashnes diuers haue been deadly ouercome,
By kindly creeping on like Snaile, Duke Fabe his fame hath wonne.

Though some as swift as haukes can stoope to euery stake,
Yet I refuse such sodaine slight, and will seeme slow as Snaile.
Wherefore my pretty Snaile, be still, and lay thee warme,
Saue enuious frets mauger their fumes, thers few shall doo thee harme.

Because in some respect, thou holdes me to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and signe before mine eyes.
Was neuer any yet, that harme in thee could finde,
Or dare auow that euer Snaile, wrought hurt to humaine kinde.

I know dame Phisick doth, thy frendly helpimploye,
And craues the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crazed sore.
Sith Phisick then allowes the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

31. Remember thy ende.

TO be as wise as Cato was, rich as Cressus in life,
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or (strife.
What helpeth it when death doth call,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the poore releeue, that rulers may redresse ech wrong,
The learned may good counsaile giue, but mark the end of this my song.
Who doth these thinges happy they call,
Their happy end excedeth all.

The happiest end in these our dayes, that all do seek both small and great
Is either for fame or els for praise, or who may sit in highest seat.
But of these thinges hap what hap shall,
The happie end excedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see, but seldome standing at one stay,
For few do like the meane degree, then praise at parting some men say.
The thinges wherto each wight is thrall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, ỳ happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance, (chance
Who seekes no hate nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happy
If contentation him befall,
Yis happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth dayly grow,
The greater paine it dooth require except the Iudge some mercy shew.
Wherfore I thinke and euer shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

FINIS. *D. S.*

24. He perswadeth his frendes from the fond affectes of loue.

WHy art thou bound & maiest go free shall reason yeld to raging will
Is thraldome like to liberty: wilt thou exchange thy good for ill:
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each part to tast and proue
The lokers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by loue.
(rest,
The wits with thoughts shall stand at stay, the head shal haue but heauy
thy eies shal watch for wantõ praies, thy tung shal sho thy harts request.
Thy eares shal heare a thousand noise, thy hand shal put thy pen to pain
And in the end thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.

If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might run in reasons race,
Or if strong sute might win sure hope, I would lesse blame a louers case.
For loue is hot with great desire, and sweet delight makes youth so fond,
That little sparks wil proue great fire, & bring free hart to endles bond.
(found,
First count thy care and then thy cost, and marke what fraud in faith is
then after come & make thy boast, & shew some cause why thou art bound
For when the wine doth run ful low, you shall be faine to drink the lies,
And eate the flesh ful wel I know, ỳ hath been blowne with many flyes

We see where great deuocion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse,
And though we find small fault of this, yet some will gilt a brideles horse.

A Fole

A Fole his bable will not change, not for the Scepter of a King. 24
A louers life is nothing strange, for youth delights no other thing.

FNIS. *Tho. Churchyard.*

25. Wanting his desire, he complaineth.

THe sailing ships with ioy at length, do touch their long desired port,
The hewing axe the oke doth wast, & battring canon breaks the fort
Hard hagerd haukes stop to the lure, wild colts in time the bridle tames
There is nothing so out of vre, but to his kind long time it frames.
Yet this I find in time, no time can winne my fate,
Though oft the tree I climbe, I cannot catch the fruit.

And yet the pleasant branches oft in yeelding wise to me they bow,
When I would touch they spring, soon are they gone I wot not how.
Thus I present that fleeting flood, the Tantalus in hell below,
Would God my cause she understood, which can full soon releeue my woe.
Which if to her were known, the fruit were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle torne, with rent sailes must needs retire
And streame and wind haue plainly sworne, by force to hinder my desire
Like one that strikes vpon the rocks, my weary wrack I should bewaile,
And learne to know false Fortunes mockes, who smiles on me to small auaile.
Yet sith she onely can my rented Ship restore,
To help her wracked man but once, I seeke no more.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

26. Trye before thou trust.

IN freendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse.
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these faigned freends can beare.
A tung for troth, a head for wiles, to hurt each simple care.
In humble port, in poyson part, that plainnesse cannot spie,
Which credits all, and cannot see, where stinging Serpents lye.
Through hasty trust the harmeless hart is easily hampred in,
And made beleeue it is good golde, when it is lead and tin.
The first deceipt that bleeres mine eyes, is faigned faith profest,
The second trappe is grating talke, that gripes eache strangers breast.
The third deceipt is greeting words, with colours painted out,
which bids suspecte to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous doubt.
The fourth and last is long repaire which creepes in frendships lap,

And daylye haunteth that vnder truste, deuiseth many a trap.
Loe how false frends can frame a fetche, to wine their will with wiles
To sauce their slights with sugred sops and shadow harme with smiles
To serue their lusts are sundry sortes by practise diuers kindes,
Some carries hony in their mouthes, and venome in their mindes.
We thinkes the stones within the stretes shoulde crye out in this case,
And euery one that doth them meet, should shun their dubble face.

FINIS. D. S.

29. A Lady forsaken complaineth.

IF pleasures be in painfulnes: In pleasures doth my body rest,
If ioyes accord with carefulnes: A ioyfull hart is in my brest.
If prison strong be libertie: In libertie long haue I been,
If ioyes accord with miserie: who can compare a life to mine?
Who can vnbind that is sore bound? who can make free that is full thrall
Or how can anie meanes be found, to comfort such a wretch withall?
None can, but he that hath my hart conuert my paines to comfort then,
Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I been.
Since first in bondage I became, my wordes and deeds were euer such.
That neuer once he could me blame except for louing him to much.
Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue disdaine,
Except he meane by false pretence, through forged loue to make a traine
Naie, naie, alas, my faigned thoughts, my freended and my faigned truth
My pleasures past my present plaints, shew well I meane but too much
But since I cannot him attaine, against my will I let him goe, (truth.
And least he glory at my paine, I will attempt to cloak my woe.
Youth learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What greeuous greefe do grow by loue, and what it is to loue in daine

FINIS. M. D.

30. Finding Worldly ioyes but vanities, he wisheth death.

FOrlorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde,
By whome I doe lament my state annoyd with fond afflicted minde.
A wretche in woe, and dare not crye,
I liue, and yet I wish to dye.
The day in dole, that seemeth long, to passe with sighes & beaule cheare
And with these eyes I view the wrong, that I sustaine by liuing heere.
Where my mishaps as rife do dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wailing wight I walk alone, in desert dens there to complaine,
Amongst the sauage sort to mone, I flee my freends where they remaine.

And

And pleaſure take to ſhun the ſight,
Where erſt I felt my great delight.
A captiue clapt in chaines of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
My fleſh and bones conſumed bare, with crauling greefe full ſtrange to proue,
Though hap doth bid me hope at leaſt,
Whiles graſſe doth grow, yet ſtarues the beaſt.
A fieged fort with forraine force, for want of aide muſt yeild at laſt,
So muſt my wearied pined coarſe, ſubmit my ſelfe to bitter taſt.
Of crauling care that crackes my breſt,
Till hope of death ſhall breake my reſt.

FINIS. *F. M.*

31. A reply to *M. Edwardes* Maye.

I Read a Maying rime of late delighted much my eare,
It may delight as many moe, as it ſhall read or heare.
To ſee how there is ſhewed, how May is much of price,
And eke to May when that you may, euen ſo is his aduice.
It ſeemes be ment to May himſelfe, and ſo to vſe his ſkill.
For that the time did ſerue ſo well in May to haue his will.
His only May was eaſe of minde, ſo farre as I can geſſe.
And that his May his minde did pleaſe, a man can iudge no leſſe

And as himſelfe did reape the fruits, of that his pleaſant May,
He wills his freend the ſame to vſe, in time when as he may.
He is not for himſelfe it ſæmes, but wiſheth well to all,
For that he would they ſhould take May, in time when it doth fall.
So vſe your May, you may, it cannot hurtfull be,
And May well vſ'd in time and place, may make you merry glee.
Modeſt Maying meeteſt is, of this you may be ſure,
A modeſt Maying quietneſſe, for Mayers doth procure.

Who may and will not take may wiſh he had ſo don,
Who may and it doth take, may think he tooke too ſone.
So ioyne your May with wiſdomes lore, and then you may be ſure,
Who makes his May in other ſorte, his vnreſt may procure.
Some May before May come, ſome May when May is paſt,
Some make their May too late, and ſome do make poſt haſte.
Let wiſdome rule I ſay your May, and thus I make an end,
And May, that when you liſt to May, a good May God you ſend.

FINIS. *M. S.*

27

30. Hauing maried a worthy Lady, and taken away by death he complaineth his mishap.

In youth when I at large did lead my life in lusty liberty,
When heauy thoughtes no one did spread, to let my plesant fantasie.
No Fortune seemde so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might take thrall.
And twenty yeeres I scarse had spent, when to make full my happy fate,
Both treasurs great were on me cast, with lands and titles of estate.
So as more blest then I stod than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, could more desire by iust request,
Then health with wealth, and libertie, all which at once I this possest.
But masking in this tolly ioye,
A sodaine sight prown'd all a toy.
For passing on these merry dayes with new deuise of pleasurs great,
And now & then to view the rares of beauties works w cunning feate.
In heauenly hewes all which as one,
I oft beheld, but bound to none.
And one day rowling thus my eyes vpon these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst the rest one did I see, who straight my wandring loke did sease.
And stayed them firme but such a sight,
Of beauty yet saw neuer wight.
What shall I seek to praise it more, where tunges cannot wel praise the same
But to be short to louers lore I straight my sences all did frame.
And were it wit or weare it chaunce,
I wonne the garland in this daunce.
And thus where I before had thought, no hap my fortune might increase
A double blisse this chaunce forth brought: so did my Ladies Loue me please
Her faith so firme, and constant such,
As neuer hart can praise to much.
But now with torments strange I task the fickle stay of fortunes wheele
And where she raised from high to tast, with force of greef to feele.
For from this hap of sodaine frowne,
Of Princes face she threw me downe.
And thus exchange now hath it made, by libertie a thing most deere,
In hatfull prison for to fade, where sundred from my louing feare.
My wealth and health, standes at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away.
And last when humaine force was none could part our loue wherin we lined,

My Ladies life alas is gon, moſt cruell death hath it bereued.
whoſe vertues her, to God hath wonne,
And left me here, a man vndon.

FINIS. F. G.

33. A woorthy dittie, ſong before the Queenes Maieſty at Briſtow.

MIſtruſt not troth that truely meanes, for euery ielous freke,
Inſteed of wrong, condemne not right, no hidden wrath to wreke.
Lok on the life of faulteleſſe life, how bright her vertues ſhine,
And meaſure out her ſteps each one, by leuell and by line.

Déeme eache deſart by vpright geſſe, wherby your praiſe ſhall liue,
If malice would be matcht with might, let hate no Iudgement giue.
Enforce no feare with wreſting wits, in quiet conſcience breſt,
Lend not your eares to buſie tunges, which breedeth much vnreſt.

In doubtfull driftes wade not too farre, it wearies but the minde.
Seek not to ſearch the ſecret harts whoſe thoughts are hard to find,
Auoide from you thoſe hatefull heads, that helpes to heap miſhap,
Be ſlow to heare the flatterers voice, that créepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and ſport not at their praiſe,
Truſt not too much vnto your ſelfe, for féeble are your ſtaies.
How can your ſeate be ſetled faſt, or ſtand on ſtedfaſt ground,
So propped vp with hollow harts, whoſe ſuretye is vnſound.

Giue faith to thoſe that feare for Loue and not that Loue for feare,
Regarde not them that force compells to pleaſe you euery where.
All this well wayed and borne away, ſhall ſtabliſh long your ſtate,
Continually with perfect peace, in ſpite of puffing hate.

FINIS. *D. S.*

34. An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir *Edward Saunders* Knight. Lord cheefe Baron of the Exchequor. 1576.

YOu Muſes weare your mourning weéds, ſtrike on the fatall drome,
Sound Triton out the trump of fame, in ſpite of Pareas dome
Diſtill Parnaſſus pleaſant drops, poſſeſſe Pierides place,
Apollo help with dolefull tune, to waile this wofull caſe.
Wring hard your hands, waile on your loſſe, lament the fate that fell,
With ſobs and ſighes to *Saunders* ſay, oh *Saunders* now farwell.

Whom

29 Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas pap, as one of Sibils fæd,
Loe here where death did reft his corps, the vermine foule to fæd,
Whom Impes of Ioue with Nectar swæte, long in Libethres nurft,
Beholde how dreadfull death him brought, to there whence he cam firft.
Lycurgus he for learned lawes, Radamantus race that ran,
An other Nector for aduice, Zalucus fame that wan.
A Damon deare vnto his freend, in faith like Phocion found,
A Cato that could counfell giue, to Prince a fubiect found.
Not Athens for their Solon fage, not Rome for Numa waile,
As we for *Saunders* death haue cauſe, in flouds of teares to faile.
Nor Sparta carde for Chilos death, nor proud Prienna preſt,
To weep for Bias as we waile, our *Saunders* late poſſeſt.
His learned pathes, his talents rare, ſo now by death appeeres,
As he that Salomon ſought to ſerue, in prime and youthfull yæres.
His counſell ſad, his rules, his Lawes, in Cuntry ſoyle ſo wrought,
As though in Cuma he had been, of fage Sibilla taught.
His vertuous life was ſuch I ſay, as vertue did embrace,
By vertue taught in vertues ſchoole, to grow in vertues race. (erue,
Might tender babes, might orphants weak, might widowes reare the
The ſound whereof ſhould pearce the cloudes, to ſcale the empire ſkie.
To bid the Gods to battaile bend, and to deſcend in fight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnmeet, with mortall men to fight,
Too late (alas) we wifh his life too ſon deceiues vs Death,
Too little wit we haue to ſak, the dead againe to breath.
What helpleſſe is, moſt careleſſe be, as Natures courſe doth ſhow,
For death ſhall reap what life hath ſowne, by Nature this we know.
Where is that fierce Achilles ſtout where is king Turnus ſhroude?
What is become of Priamus ſtate? where is Periander proude?
Hector, Hanno, Hanniball dead, Pompei Pirrhus ſpild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Cæſar ſlaine, and Alexander kild.
So long their fortune faſt did flow, and charged Fame to ſound,
Till frowning Fortune foild by fate, which fawning Fortune found.
Shun Fortunes feates, ſhake Fortune of, ſo none is Fortune ſound,
With none may ſay of Fortune ſo, I Fortune faithfull found.
Behould where Fortune flowed ſo faſt, and fauoured *Saunders* ſure,
Till fickle Fortune once againe, did *Saunders* death procure.
Loe clothed colde in clods of clay, in drofſie duſt remaine,
By fate return'd from whence he came, to his mothers wombe againe.
Who twelue ſhirty yeres was Judge, before a Judge did fall.

And

And Iudged by that mighty Iudge, which Iudge shall iudge vs all.
The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewaile,
Sith heaven hath wan, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of saile.
Their gaine is much, our losse is great, their mirth our mone is such,
That they may laugh as cause do yeld, and we may weepe as much.
Oh happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth aye encrease,
Happy he and hapelesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.
We liue to dye he dyed to liue, we want and he possesse,
We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the God aboue him blesse.
Being borne to liue, he liued to dye, and dyed to God to plaine,
That birth, that life, that death to show, that he shall liue againe.
His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
His fame to time, his time to God, thus *Saunders* liued and dyed.
O happy life, O happier death, O ten times happy hee,
Whose hap it was such hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.
Oh ioyfull time, Oh blessed soyle, where Pallas rules with wit,
O noble state, O sacred seate, where Saba sage doth sit.
Like Susan sound, like Sara sad, with Hesters Mace in hand,
With Iudithes sword, Bellona like to rule this noble land.
I had my will, you had your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I wanne now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy daye.
Wherin I dyed, wherin you liue, oh treble happy cost,
Whe in I ioyed in glory great, wherin you triumph most. (drome,
Kneele on your knees, knock hard your brests, sound forth the ioyfull
Clap loud your handes, sound Eccho say, the golden world is come.
Reioyce your iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer erst your Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
Here Cuma is, here Sibill raignes, on Delphos state to sit,
Here she like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot vnknit,
I liued to nature long inough I liued to honour much,
I liued at wish, and died at will, to see my cuntry such.
As neither nedes it Numas lawes, nor yet Apollos sword,
For mauger Mars, yet Mars shall be of this our Quene afeard.
O pearlesse pearle, O diamond deare, O Quene of Quenes farwell.
Your royall maiestie God preserue, in England long to dwell.
Farwell the Phœnix of the world, farwell my soueraigne Quéne,
Farwell most noble vertuous Prince, Mineruas mate I weene.
No Iewell, gemme, no Golde to giue, no pearles from Pactolos low,
No Persian Gaze: no Indian stone, no Tagus sandes to show.

But faith and will to native soyle, alive and dead I finde,
My hart my minde, my loue I leaue vnto the Prince behinde.
Farewell you Nobles of this land farewell you Iudges graue,
Farwell my fellowes, frendes and mates, your Quene I say god saue.
What rise in time, in time doth fall, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeeld to Parcus web
The Sun to darkenesse shall be turn'd, the starres from skies shall fall,
The Mone to blood, the world with fire shall be consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanisheth straight, as bubbles rise and fall,
As cloudes do passe, or shadow shiftes, we liue, we die so all.
Our pompe, our pride, our triumph mest, our glory great herein,
Like shatring shadow passe away, as though none such had been.
Earth, Water, Aire, and Fire, as they were earst before,
A lump confused, and Chaos call'd so shall they once be more.
And all to earth that came from earth and to the graue descend,
For earth on earth to earth shall goe, and earth shall be the end.
As Christ ascended vp the cloudes, so Christ in cloudes shall come,
To Iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of dome.
From whence our flesh shall rise againe, euen from the drossie dust.
And so shall passe I hope, vnto the Mansion of the iust.

FINIS. *Lodowick LLoyd.*

35. His good name being blemished, he bewaileth,

FRam'd in the front of forlorne hope, past all recouerie,
Ashailesse stand to abide the shock of shame and infamie.
My life through lingring long is lodg'd in lare of lothsome wayes,
My death delayed to keep from life, the harme of hapelesse dayes.
My spirites, my hart, my wit and force, in deep distresse are drownd,
The onely losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.

And since my minde, my wit, my head, my voice, and tung are weake:
To vtter, moue, deuise, conceiue, sound forth, declare and speake.
Such pearsing plaintes, as answere might, or would my wofull case,
Help craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face.
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or aire be found,
To waile with me the losse of mine, as of these greefes the ground.

Yelp Gods help saints, help spirites and powers, that in the heauen do
Yelp ye that are aye wont to waile, ye howling hounds of hell. (dwell

Yelp man, help beastes, help birds & wormes that on the earth do toyle,
Yelp fish, help foule, that flocks and feedes vpon the salt sealoyle.
Yelp Ecchо that in aire doth flie, shrill voices to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.

FINIS. *E. O.*

36. Offortunes power.

POlicrates whose passing hap caus'd him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas to change his constant state.
And in a fish yet at his bord, the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe to whom she takes, for bounty doth abound.

The mizers vnto might she mountes, a common case we see,
And mighty to great miserie, she sets in low degree.
Whom she to day doth reare on hye, vpon her whirling whéele,
To morrow next she dingeth downe, and calleth at her heele.

No measure hath she in her giftes, she doth reward eche sorte,
The wise that counsell haue, no more, then fooles that maketh sport.
She vseth neuer partiall handes, for to offend or please,
Giue me good fortune all men saies, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthinesse, that makes me fall or rise,
I rather be borne fortunate, then to be very wise.
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune guided is,
To whome that pleasant fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amis.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

37. Though triumph after bloody warres, the greatest brags doo beare.
Yet triumphs of a conquered minde, the crowne of fame shall weare.

WHo so doth marke the careleſſe life, of these vnhappie dayes,
And sees what small and slender houlde, the state of vertue staies.
He findes that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill:
That men be giuen to much to yéeld, to their vntaimed will.

In lack of taming witlesse will, the proe we often see,
Enuies the rich, because that he, his equall cannot be.
The rich aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine:
But will oppresseth weaker sorte, to heape excessiue gaine.

If Fortune were so blinde, to giue to one man what he will,
A world would not suffise the same, if he might haue his fill.
We wishe, we searche, we striue for all, and haue no more therin,
Then hath the slaue when death doth come, though Crœsus welth he win

In getting much, we get but care, such brittle wealth to kæp,
The rich within his walles of stone, doth neuer soundly slæp.
When poore in weake and slender house, do feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to kæpe them selues in health,

Affection may not hide the sword of sway, in iudgement seate,
Least partiall fauour execute, the law in causes great.
But if the minde in constant state, affection quite do leaue,
The higher state shall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accompted greater praise, to Cæsars lofty state,
Against his vanquisht foes, in warres to bridle wreckfull hate.
Then when to Rome he had subdued, the people long vnknowne,
Wherby as farre as land was found, the same abroad was blowne

If honour can selfe will refuse, and Iustice be vpright,
And priuate state desire but that, which good appæres in sight.
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to euery eye reueale,
An heauenly life, a wealfull state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and governe all your dædes:
Your yælding to her sober hestes, immortall glory brædes.
She shall vpreare your worthy name, shining into the skies:
Her beames shall blaze, in graue obscure, where shrined carkasse lyes.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

38. Of perfect wisdome.

WHo so be accompted wise, and truly claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his dædes, he must atchine the same.
But few there be that sæk therby true wisdome to attaine,
O God so rule our harts therfore, such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisdome which we most estæme in this thing doth consist:
With glorious talke to shew in wordes, our wisdome when we list.

Yet not in talke, but ſæmely dædes, our wiſdome we ſhould place,
To ſpeake ſo faire, and doe but ill, doth wiſdome quite diſgrace.

To bargaine well, and ſhun the leſſe, a wiſdome compted is,
And therby through the grædy coyne, no hope of grace to miſſe,
To ſeek by honour to aduance, his nams to brittle praiſe.
Is wiſdome which we dayly ſæ, increaſeth in our dayes.

But heauenly wiſdome ſower ſæmes, to hard for them to win,
And weary of the ſute they ſæme, when they do once begin.
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue,
when it diſſolueth earthly maſſe, the ſoule from death to ſaue.

By feare of God to rule our ſteppes, from sliding into vice,
A wiſdome is which we neglect, although of greater price.
A point of wiſdome alſo this, we commonly eſtæme:
that eurey man ſhould be in deed, that he deſires to ſeeme.

To bridle that deſire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill:
Our haughty ſtomackes Lord repreſſe, to tame preſuming will.
This is the wiſdome that we ſhould aboue eache thing deſire,
O heauenly God from ſacred throne, that grace in vs inſpire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rules of wiſdome true,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like therof inſue.
Thou only art the liuing ſpring from whom this wiſdom flowes,
O waſh therwith our ſinfull harts from vice that therin growes.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

39. A freendly admonition

YE ſtately wights that liue in quiet reſt,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen to you
Lament with teares, and ſighes from doleſull breſt,
The ſhame and power, that vice obtaineth now.
Beholde how God doth dayly proffer grace,
Yet we diſdaine repentance to embrace.

The ſuddes of ſinne do ſoke into the minde,
And cancred vice doth vertue quite expell:

No change to god, alas can resting finde,
Our wicked harts so stoutly do rebell.
Not one theoe is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his dayly threats down send.

We are so slow to change our blamefull life,
We are so prest to snatch a luring vice:
Such grædy harts on euery side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsell wise.
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vndeserued grace.

You worldly wights that haue your fancies fixt,
Vnslipper toy, of terraine pleasure here:
Let some remorse in all your dædes be mixt.
Whiles you haue time let some redresse appære.
Of sodaine death the power you shal not know,
And looke for death although it sæmeth slow.

Oh be no Judge in other mens offence,
But pure thy selfe and sæk to make thæ free:
Let euery one apply his diligence,
A change to god, within himselfe to see.
O God direct our feet in such a stay:
From cankred vice, to shun the hatefull way.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

40. Sundry men, sundry affectes.

IN euery wight, some sundry sorte of pleasure I do finde:
Which after he doth seek to ease his toyling minde.
Diana with her training chase, of hunting had delight:
Against the fearefull Deare, she could direct her shot aright.
The lofty yeeres in euery age, doth still imbrace the same.
The sport is good if vertue do assist the chearfull game.

Minerua in her chattering armes her courage doth aduance,
In tryall of the bloody warres, she giueth lucky chaunce.
For sauegarde men imbrace ỹ same, which do so needfull seeme,
That noble harts in their chæfe delights, in vse thereof sæme.

death

In warlike games to trie or ride, the force of armes they vse:
And base the man we dw account, that dwth the same refuse.

The siluer sound of Musickes cordes, dwth please Apollos wit,
A sentence which the heauens aduance, where it deserues to sit.
A pleesure apt for euery wight, relæf to carefull minde,
For woe redresse, for care a salue, for sadnesse help we finde.
The soueraigne praise of Musicke still, dwth cause the Poets faine,
That whirling Speres, and eke the heauens dw hermony retaine.

I heard that these thræ powers, at variance lately fell,
Whiles eche did praise his owne delight, the other to excell.
Then came as an indifferent Judge, to end the case they call,
The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently dwth fall.
Diana healthy and strength maintaine, Minerua force dwth fame,
And Musicke giues a sweet delight, to further others game.

These three delightes to hautie mindes, the worthiest are esteemed
If vertue be annexed to them they rightly be so deemed.
With ioy they dw reuiue the wit, with sorrow oft oppresst:
And neuer suffer sollemne greef, tw long in minde to rest.
We wise in mirth and seek delight, the same dw not abuse,
In honest mirth, a happy ioy, we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

41. Of a freend and a flatterer.

A Trusty freend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may sone be got,
A faithfull freend beare still in minde, but fawning foe regarde thou not
A faithfull freend no cloke dwth craue, to cullor knauery withall,
But Sicophant a gowne must haue, to beare a port what ere befall.
A nose to smell out euery feast, a brasen face to set it out,
A shamlesse childe or homely gest, whose life dwth like to range about.
A fawning foe while wealth dwth last, a theefe to rob & spoyle his freend,
As strong as oke, while wealth dwth last, but rotten sticke dwth proue in (the end.

Looke first, then leap, beware the mire,
Burnt Childe is warn'd to dread the fier.
Take heed my freend, remember this,
Short horsse (they say) soone curried is.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

42. Of sufferance cometh ease.

TO seeme for to revenge ech wrong in hastie wise,
By proofe of guiltlesse men, it hath not been the guise.
In slaunders lothsome bryte, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse mood they suffer wrong, where truth shall trie them free,
These are the patient pangues, that passe within the brest,
Of those that feele their cause by mine. where wrong hath right oppress.
I know how by suspect, I haue been iudg'd awry,
And graunted guiltie in the thing, that clearely I deny.
My faith may me defend if I might loued be,
God iudge me so as from the guilt, I know me to be free.
I wrote but for my selfe the greefe was all mine owne,
As, who would proue extremetie, by proofe it might be knowne.
Yet are they such, that say they can, my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this olde truth, things proue not as they seeme.
Whereby it may befall in iudgement to be quicke,
To make themselues suspect therwith, that needednot to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I do amisse, as though I knew, by whom it might be wrought.
If any such there be, that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

43 All thinges are vaine.

ALthough the purple morning brags, in brightnesse of the Sunne,
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne.
The time by day giues place againe, the force of drerie night.
And euery creature is constrainde, to chaunge his lusty plight.
Of pleasures all that here we taste,
We feele the contrary at last.

In spring then pleasant Zephirus, hath fruitfull earth inspired,
And neuer hath ech bush, ech branche, with blossomes braue attired.
Yet fruites and flowers, as bushes and blosmes full quickly withered be
When stormy winter comes to kill, the Sommers iollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wer in we pleasure most.

Although the Seas so calmely glide as dangers none apeere,
And doubt of stormes in skye is none, king Phœbus shines so cleare.
Yet when the boystrous windes breake out, and raging waues do swell,

The silly bark now heaues to heauen, now stickes againe to hell.
thus change in euery thing we se.
And nothing constant seemes to be.
Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most vnsure,
And he that chiefly tastes of ioy, doth sometime woe indure.
Who vaunteth most of numbred frends, forgoe them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liuely blood, is turnd at length to dust.
Experience gines a certaine ground,
That certaine here is nothing found.
Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Storme, is able to remoue.
Trust to that sure celestiall rock, that rests in glorious thrones.
That hath bene, is, and must be still, our anker holde alone.
The world is but vanitie,
In heauen seek we our suretie.

FINIS. *F. Kindlemarsh.*

44. A vertuous Gentlewoman in the prayse of her loue.

I Am a virgin faire and free, and freely do reioyce,
I sweetly warble sugred notes, from siluer voice.
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thank I curious Loue,
By whose almighty power, such sweet delights I proue.

I walke in pleasant fields, adorn'd with liuely greene,
And view the fragrant flowers most louely to be seene.
The purple Columbine, the Cowslippe and the Lilly,
The Violet sweet, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And each fine flowers eis, that rendreth sweet delight.
Emongst the which I chuse, all these of seemliest grace:
In thought, resembling them, to my deare louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flowing gifts,
His euer liuing fame, to lofty skyes vp lifts.
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, all only care I take.

Of all which fresh faire flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceipt, most like to him I hold so deare.

I gather it, I kisse it, and eke deuise with it,
Such kinde of louely speach as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wier haires together I dow twine.
And set it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my louers gifts most plesant to my minde.
Upon which vertuous giftes, I make more repast.
Then they that for loue sportes, the swetest ioyes dow taste.

FINIS. F. K.

45. Oppressed with sorrow, he wisheth Death.

IF Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
and griping græf constraine, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne hath greater cause then I,
Against whose hard mishap both heauen and earth is bent.
For whom no help remaines, for whom no hope is left,
From whom all happy hap is fled, and pleasure quite bereft.
Whose life nought can prolong, whose health, nought can procure,
whose passed prof of pleasant ioy,
Mischaunce hath changed to græfes anoy.
And loe whose hope of better day,
Is ouer whelmd with long delay.

Oh hard mishap.

Ech thing I plainly se, whose vertues may anaile,
To ease the pinching paine, which gripes the groning wight:
By Phisickes sacred skill, whose rule doth seldome faile
Through labours long inspect, as plainly brought to light.
I know, there is no fruit, no leafe, no roote, no rinde,
No heaebe, no plant, no iuice, no gum, no metall dæply minde.
No Pearle, no precious stone, ne Gem of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large dow not detect.
Yet all their force cannot appease,
The furious fittes of my disease.
For any drugge of Phisickes arte,
Can ease the grefes, that gripes my hart.

Oh strange disease.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secret salues, which wisdome hath not found:
To cole the scorching heate, of euery smarting sore,
And helpeth deepest scarre, though grauous be the wound.
The ancient Prouerb saies, that none so soul red greef,
Doth grow, for which the Gods themselues, haue not ordained releef.
But I by proef do know, such Prouerbs to be vaine,
And think that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I sustaine.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my greefe remedilesse.
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.
Oh lasting paine.

In change of aire I see, by haunt of healthfull soyle,
By diet duly kept, grosse humours are expeld:
I know that greefes of minde, and inward harts turmoyle,
By faithfull frendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
yet all this naught auailes, to kill that me annoyes,
I meane to stop these flouds of care, that ouerflow my ioyes,
No none exchange of place, can change my luckelesse lot,
Like one I liue, and so must dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsell can preuaile with me,
Nor sage aduise with greefe agree.
For he that feeles the pangues of hell,
Can neuer hop in heauen to dwell.
Oh deepe dispaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine.
The wearied Horse and Ore, in stall and stable rest:
The Ante with sommers toyle, beares out the winters paine,
The foule that flies all day, at night returnes to rest.
The Ploughmans wearye worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with sommers gaine, which yeldes him double hire.
The silly labouring soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely paied, contented goeth his way.
And comming home, his drousie head,
He coucheth close in homely bed.
Wherin no sonner downe he lyes,
But sleepe hath straight possest his eyes.
Oh happie man.

The Souldiour biding long, the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle:
At last comes toyfull home, though mangled all with skarres,
Where frankly voide of feare, he spendes the gotten spoyle.
The Pirate lying long, amid the soming floudes,
With euery flaw in hazard is, to lose both life and gwds.
At length findes view of land, where wished Port he spies,
Which once obtained among his mates, he partes the gotten prise.
Thus euery man from trauaile past,
Doth reap a iust reward at last.
But I alone whose troubled minde,
In seking rest, vnrest doth finde.

Oh luckless lot.

Oh cursed caitife wretch, whose heauy hard mishap,
Doth wish ten thousand times, that thou hadst not bæn borne:
Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in sorrowes lap,
Where wailinges waste thy life of all redresse forlorne.
What shall thy græf appease? who shall thy torment stay?
Wilt thou thy selfe with murthering handes, enforce thy owne decay?
No, farre be thou from me, my selfe to stop my breath,
The Gods forbid, whom I beseech, to work my ioyes by death.
For lingring length of loathsome life,
Doth stirre in me such mortall strife.
That whiles for life, and death I crye,
In death I liue, and liuing dye.

Oh frowardfate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe hære my strange disease,
Loe here my dæp dispaire, loe here my lasting paine:
Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appease,
Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
With luckless loe I liue, in losse of labours due:
Compeld by prok of torment strong, my endless græf to rue.
In which, since nædes I must consume both youth and age,
If old I liue, and that my care no comfort can asswage.
Henceforth I banish from my brest,
All frustrate hope of future rest.
And truthlesse trust to Times reward,
With all respectes of ioyes regard.

Here I forsweare.

FINIS.

46. Where reason makes request, there wisdome ought supplie,
With freendly answer prest to graunt or els denye.

I Sigh, why so? for sorow of her smart,
I mourne, wherfore? for greefe that she complaines:
I pittie, what? her oppressed hart,
I dread, what harme? the danger she sustaines.
I greeue, wherat? at her oppressing paines.
I feele, what force the fits of her disease,
Whose harme doth me and her, a like displease.

I hope, what hap? her happy healths retire,
I wish, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly store:
But craue, what craft? by cunning to aspire,
Some skill, wherto? to salue her sickly sore,
What then? why then would I her health restore.
Who e harme me hurtes, how so? so works my will:
To wish my selfe and her, like good and ill.

What moues thy minde, wherto? to such desire,
Ne force, ne fauour, what then? free fancies choyse:
Art thou to chose? my charter to require,
Eche Ladies loue, is fed by customes voice.
Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of there choyce.
What then, our frædome is at large in chosing,
As womens willes are froward in refusing.

Wottes she thy will? she knowes what I protest.
Mainde she thy sute? she dangered not my talke:
Gaue she consent? she graunted my request,
What didst thou craue? the rote, the fruite, the stalke,
I asked them all, what gaue she, cheese, or chalke?
That taste must trie, what taste? I mean the prose,
Of frendes, whose wills withhould their bow alose.

Meanest thou good faith? what els, hopest thou to spede?
why not, O fole vntaught in carpell trade,
Knowest not what proffes from such delayes procede
wilt thou like headlesse Cocke be caught in glade?

Art thou like Asse, to apt for burden made?
Fie, fie, wilt thou for saint adore the shrine?
And woe her frend, ere she be wholy thine.

Who drew this drift? moued she or thou this match?
T'was I: oh fole vnware of womens wiles,
Long mayest thou waite, like hungry hound at hatch,
The crafty Fox, the sillie Gose beguiles.
Thy sute is shaped, so fit for long delay,
That she at will may checke, from yea to nay.

But in good sooth, tell me her frends intent,
Best learne it first, their purposse I not know:
Why then thy will to worsse, and worsse is bent,
Wilt thou delight the vnkmled coale to blow:
Or childelike louest, in ankred Boate to rowe.
What meane these termes? who sith thy sute is such,
Know of or on, or thou affect to much.

No hatte but good, why no the meane is best,
Admit the loue, mislike in lingring growes:
Suppose she is caught, then woodcock on thy crest:
Till end approoues, what scornfull sedes she sowes.
In loytering loue, such dangers ebbes and flowes.
What help herin? why wake in dangerous watch,
That to nor fro, may make thee marre thy match.

Is that the way to end my wearie worke?
By quick dispatch to lessen long turmoyle:
Well well, though lolle in lingering wontes to lurke,
And I a fole most fit to take the foyle.
Yet prowf from promise, neuer shall recoyle,
My wordes with dedes, & dedes with wordes shall wend:
Till she or hers gainsaye that I pretend.

Art thou so fonde? not fond, but firmely fast,
Thy fole, her frends wotte how thy will is bent.
Yet thou like dolt, whose wit and sence is past,
Hast not what frumpes do follow thy intent.

De

We know how loue in lew of scorne is lent,
Adue, for sighes such folly should prevent.
Well well, their scoffes with scornes might be repaied,
If my requestes were fully yead or nayed.
Well well, let these with wisdomes praise be wayed:
And in your chest of chæfest secrets layed.
FINIS. *My luck is losse.*

47. what ioy to a contented minde.

THe faith that failes, must nædes be thought vntrue,
The frænd that faignes, who holdeth not vniust:
Who likes that loue, that changeth still for new,
Who hopes for truth, where troth is voyde of trust.
No faith, no frænd, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather fayles, then stedfastly endure.

What head so stayed, that altreth not intent,
What thought so sure? that stedfast did remaine:
What wit so wise? that neuer nædes repent,
What tung so true? but sometime wontes to faine,
what foot so firme? that neuer treades awry,
what somer dimde? then sight of clearest eye.

What hart so fixt? but sone inclines to change,
What mood so milde? that neuer moued debate:
What faith so strong? but lightly likes to range,
What loue so true? that never learnd to hate.
what life so pure? that lasses without offence:
what worldly minde? but moues with ill pretence.

What knot so fast? that may not be vntide,
What zeale so sure? but fraud or force shall breake:
What prop of staye, but one time shrinkes aside,
What ship so stanche? that neuer had a leake.
what graunt so large? that no exception makes,
what hoped helpe? but frænd at næde forsakes.

What seate so hye? but lowe to ground may fall,
What hap so good? that neuer found mislike:

What

What state so sure? but subiect is to thrall,
What force preuailes? where Fortune list to strike.
What wealth so much? but time may turne to want,
What store so great? but wasting maketh scant.

What profites hope? in depth of dangers thrall,
What trust in time? but waxeth worse, and worse:
What helpes good hart? if Fortune frowne withall,
What blessing thriues? gainst heauenly helpelesse curse.
What winnes desire? to get and cannot gaine,
what bootes to wishe, and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

48. *Donec eris fœlix, multos numerabis amicos.*
Nullus ad amissas, ibit amicus opes.

Euen as the Rauen, the Crow and greedy Kite,
Do swarming flock, where carren corpes doth fall:
And tiring teare, with beake and tallents might,
Both skin and flesh, to gorge their guts withall.
And neuer cease, but rather moe to moe,
Do all to pull the carkasse to and fro.
Till bared bones, at last they leaue behinde,
And seek else where some fatter food to finde.

Euen so I see, where wealth dooth ware at will.
And golde dooth grow, to heapes of great increase:
Their freends resorte, and proffering freendship still,
Full thick they throng, with neuer ceasing preasse.
And sleily make a show of true intent,
When naught but guile, and inward hate is ment.
For when mischaunce shall change such wealth to want,
They pack them thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

49. *Amantium ire amoris redintegratio est.*

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would haue slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch & grieued with her crying,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde.

Then

Then did she say now haue I found, this Prouerb true to proue:
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renewing is of loue.
Then took I paper, pen and inke, this Prouerb for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little brat,
Much matter vttered she of waight, in place where as she sat.
And proued plaine there was no beaste, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife,
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.
She saide that neither King nor Prince, ne Lord could liue aright,
Vntill their puissance they did proue, their manhod and their might.
When manhod shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then wearie worke make warriours, eche other to embrace.
And leaued their force that failed them, which did consume the rout,
That might before haue liued their time, and Nature out.
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her reprove,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.
She said she saw no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kinde, but could giue it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed.
So noble nature can well end, the worke she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedie in some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearst, as did her well behoue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.
I maruaile much pardy quoth she, for to beholde the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to tosse the world about.
Some kneele, some couch, some becke, some cheek, and some can smoothly smile
And some embrace others in arme, and there think many a while.
Some stand aloofe, at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they neuer frends indeed, vntill they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remoue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

50. Thinke to dye.

The life is long which lothsomely do last,
The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date::

The present pangues, and painfull plagues forepast,
Yealdes greate aye greene, to stablish his estate.
So that I feele in this great storme and strife,
That death is swæt that shortneth such a life.
And by the stroke of this strange overthrowe,
All which conflict in thraldome I was thrust:
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe,
From whence man came, and eke wherto he must.
And by the way vpon how fæble force:
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.
The pleasant yeares that seemes so swætly runne,
The merrie dayes to ende, so fast that fleete:
The ioyfull wightes, of which dayes drawes so sone,
The happie howres, which moe dwe misse then meet.
Dw all consume, as snow against the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that like begun.
Since death shall dure, till all the world be wacke,
What meaneth man, to dread death theu so sore:
As man might make, that life should alwaye lack,
Without regarde, the Lord hath led before.
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row,
The howre wherin, onely himselfe doth know.
If man would minde, what burdens life dooth bring,
What greevous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby spring,
With no sure howre, in all his daye to sit.
He would sure think, as with great cause I rw,
the day of death is happier of the two.
Death is the doore wherby we draw to ioye,
Life is the lack, that drowneth all in paine:
Death is so dole, it seaseth all away,
Life is so lewd, that all it yeeldes is vaine,
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome like wise wrought.
Wherefore with *Paule*, let all men wish and praye,
To be dissolued of this foule fleshly masse:
Or at the least be arm'd against the day,
that they be found good Souldiers prest to passe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life as euer shall remaine. FINIS. D. S. 51. H

51. *If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,*
Giue eare and see but say the best.

IF thou delight in quietnesse of life,
Desire to shun from brawles, debate and strife.
To liue in loue with God, with frend and foe,
In rest shall slæp, when others cannot so.

Giue eare to all, yet bow not all beleæne,
And see the end, and then the sentence giue.
But say for truth of happie liues assinde,
The best hath he, that quiet is in minde.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

52. Being forsaken of his freende he complaineth.

WHy should I linger long to liue,
In this disease of fantasie:
Since fortune doth not cease to giue,
Thinges to my minde most contrary.
And at my ioyes dooth lowze and frowne,
Till she hath turned them vpside downe.
A frænd I had to me most dære,
And of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one my hart so nære.
Nor one in whome I had more trust.
Whome now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemye.
The grasse me thinkes should grow in Skie,
The Starres vnto the earth cleane fast:
The water streame should passe awrye,
The windes should leaue their strength of blast.
The Sunne and Mone by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament.
The fish in aire should flie with finne,
The foules in floud should bring forth frye.
All thinges me thinkes should erst begin,
To take their course vnnaturally.
Afore my freend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe.
But such as Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to wreak:

Such ſpite he hath at me alway,
And ceaſſeth not my hart to break.
With ſuch diſpite of crueltie,
Wherfore then longer liue ſhould I. FINIS. *E. S.*

53. Prudence. The hiſtorye of *Damacles* and *Dioniſe.*

WHo ſo is ſet in Princely throne, and craueth rule to beare:
Is ſtill beſet on euery ſide, with perill and with feare,
High trées by ſtormy windes are ſhakte, and rent vp from the ground:
And flaſhly flakes of lightning flames, and turrets dow rebound.
When little ſhrubbes in ſafetie lurcke, in couert all alow.
And freſhly flouriſh in their kinde, what euer winde dow blow.
The cruell king of Sciſilie, who fearing Barbars handes:
Was wont to ſindge his beard him ſelfe, with coale and fire brandes.
Hath taught vs this, the proof wherof, full plainly we may ſée:
Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to ſhow it ſo to be.
This king did ſéeme to *Damacles*, to be the happieſt wight,
Becauſe he thought none like to him in power or in might.
who did alone ſo farre excell, the reſt in his degrée,
As doth the Sunne in brightneſſe cléere, the darkeſt ſtarre we ſée,
Wilt thou (then ſaide this cruell King) proue this my preſent ſtate,
Poſſeſſe thou ſhalt this ſeate of mine, and ſo be fortunate.
Full gladly then this *Damacles*, this proffered honour tok,
And ſhoting at a Princely life, his quiet life forſok.
In honours ſeate, then was he plaſte, according to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was prepard, that he might feaſt his fill.
Nothing did want wherin twas thought, that he could take delight,
To fed his eye, to fill his mouth, or pleaſe the apetite.
Such ſtore of plate, I thinke in Greece, ther ſcarſely was ſo much.
His ſeruitures did Angells ſéeme, their paſſing ſhape was ſuch.
No dainty diſh but there it was, and therof was ſuch ſtore,
That through out Greece ſo Princely chére was neuer ſéene before.
Thus while in pompe and pleaſures ſeate, this *Damacles* was plaſte,
And did begin with gladſome hart, eche dainty diſh to taſte.
At length by chaunce caſt vp his eyes, and gan the houſe to view,
And ſaw a ſight that him enforſt, his Princly ſtate to rew.
A ſwoord forſoth with downward point, that had no ſtronger thred.
Then one horſe haire that peiſed it, direct vpon his head.
Wher with he was ſo ſore amaſd and ſhoke in euery part,
As though the ſwoord that hung aboue, had ſtroke him to the hart.

Then

Then all their pleasures took their leaue, and sorrowe came in place:
His heauy hart the teares declarde, that trickled downe his face.
And then forthwith with sobbing voice, besought the King of grace,
That he would licence him with spæd, to depart out of that place.
And saide that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happie man, and princly rule to beare.
This dæd of thine oh *Dionise*, deserues immortall fame, (shame
This dæd shall alwaies liue with praise, though thou didst liue with
Wherby both kinges be put in minde, their dangers to be great,
And subiectes be forbid to climbe, high steppes of honours seate.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

54. *Fortitude.* A yong man of *Aegipt and Valerian,*

EChe one deserues great praise to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
Both he that can sustaine the yoke of paines, and doth not shrink.
And he whom Cupids couert craft can nothing moue at all:
Into the hard and tangled knots of Venus snares to fall.
Beturre you then who so delightes, in vertues race to run,
The flying boy with bow ibent, by strength to ouercome.
As one did once when he was yong: and in his tender dayes,
Whose stout and noble dæde of his, hath got immortall praise.
The wicked Romaines did pursue, the silly Christians than,
What time *Valerian* Emperour was, a wicked cruell man.
Who spared not with bloody draughtes, to quench his own desire,
Dispatching all that stuck to Christ, with hot consuming fier.
At length a man of tender yæres, was brought before his sight,
Such one as nature seemed to make, a witnesse of her might.
For euery part so well was set, that nothing was depraued,
So that the cruell King himselfe, would gladly him haue saued.
So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,
So finely built, so sodainly destroyed within an hower.
Then meanes he sought to ouercome, or win him at the lest,
To slip from Christ, whom he before, had earnestly profest,
A bed prepard so finly dect, with diuers pleasant smels,
That well it might appeere a place, where pleasure onely dwells.
By him he layed a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
With sugred speech and louely toyes, that might his minde allure.
Such wanton louers as those he thought, might easily him intise,
Which thinges he knew with lusty youth, had alwaies been in prise.
Such wayes I think the Gods them selues could haue inuented none,

For flattering Venus ouercomes, the sences euery chone.
And he himselfe was euen at point, to Venus to consent,
Had not his stout and manly minde, resisted his intent.
When he perceiued his flesh to yéld, to pleasure wanton toyes,
And was by slight almost prouoked, to taste of Venus ioyes.
More cruell to himselfe then those, that glad would him vndo,
With bloody teeth, his tender tung, bit quite and cleane in two.
Thus was the paine so passing great, of this his bloody bit.
That all the fire and carnall lust, was quenched euery whit.
Do ill and all thy pleasures then, full soone will passe away,
But yet the shame of those thy déedes, will euer more decay.
Do well and though thy paines be great, yet soone each one will cease,
But yet the prayse of those thy déedes: will euer more increase.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

55. *Iustice, Zaleuch* and his sonne.

LEt rules make most perfect lawes, to rule both great and small,
If they themselues obay them not, it booteth not at all.
As lawes be nought but rulers deme, containing equall might,
So rulers should be speaking Lawes, to rule by line of right.
Zaleuch the Prince of *Locrine* once, appointed by decrée,
Eche Lecherer should be punished, with losse of either eye.
His sonne by chaunce offended first, which when his father saw,
Lord God how earnest then was he, to execute the law.
Then came the people all by flockes, to him with weeping eyes,
Not one amongst the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cryes.
By whose outcryes and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stand,
That he therby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hand.
But all in vaine, for he is found to be the man he was,
And maketh haste so much the more, to haue the law to passe.
The people yet renewed their sute, in hope of some releef,
Whose faces all besprent with teares did testifie their greef.
And cried all for pities sake, yéld now to our request.
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at least.
Then somewhat was the Father moued, with all the peoples voice,
And euery man did giue a shoute, to shew they did reioyce.
Well then (quoth he) it shall be thus, the law shall be fulfild,
And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, according as you wild.
One eye of his shall be puld out, thus hath his lewdnesse got,
And likewise so shall one of mine, though I deserue it not.

This woord no sooner was pronounced, but straight the deed was done,
two eyes, no more were left, betwéen the Father and the Sonne.
Say now who can, and on my faith, *Apollo* he shall be,
Was he more gentle Father loe:or iuster iudge trow ye.
This man would not his lawes, be like the webbes the spiders weue,
Wherin they lurk when they intend, the simple to deceiue.
Wher with small flies full soone be caught, and tangled ere they wist,
When great ones flye and scape away, and breake them as they list.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes*

56. Temperaunce. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.

IF Nature beare thée so great loue, that she in thee haue beauty plasse,
Full hard it is as we doo proue, to kepe the body cleane and chaste.
twixt comlynesse and chastitie,
A deadly strife is thought to be.
For beautie which some men suppose, to be as t'were a golden ill,
Prouoketh strife and many foes, that seekes on her to worke her will.
Assaultes to townes if many make,
No towne so strong but may be take.
And this *Spurina* witnesse can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comly made, no dame in Rome but loued well.
Not one could cole her hotte desire,
So burning was the flame of fier.
Lik as when baite cast in the flood, forthwith doth cause the fishes come,
That plesantly before did play, now presently to death to runne.
for when they see the baite to fall.
Straight way they swallow hoke and all.
So when *Spurina* they did see, to her they flocked out of hand,
She hapiest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour most did stand
Not knowing vnder sweet deceites,
How Venus hides her poysoned baites.
But when he saw thē thus to range, whō loue had linched in his chaine,
This meanes he sought for to asswage those Ladies of their greeuous
His shape intending to disgrace, (paine.
with many woundes he schorsht his face.
By which his deed it came to passe, that he that seemed an Angell bright
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a lothsome wight.
and rather had he be foule and chaste,
then faire and filthy ioyes to taste.
what pen can write, or tung expresse, the worthy praises of this deed,

We think ỹ God can do no lesse, then graunt him Heauen for his mérd.
Who for to saue himselfe vpright,
Himselfe hath first destroyed quite.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

57. A branche of hearbes and flowers.

IF that eche flower that Gods haue framde, or shapte by sacred skill,
Where as I would (no wrong to wish) and mine to weare at will.
Or els eche tree with lusty top, would lend me leaue to loue,
With sprinages displaied to spred my sute, a wayling hart to proue.
Upon my helme some should you see, my head aduanced hye,
Some slip for solace there to set, and weare the same would I.
Yet would I not for great delight, the daisies strange desire,
The Lillye would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require.
The Marigolde might growe for me, Rosemary well might rest,
The Fenell too, that is more fit, for some vnfreendly guest.
Nor cowslippes would I craue at all, sometime they seeme too coye,
Some iolly youth the Gilliflower esteemeth for his ioye.
The Lauender sometimes aloft, allures the lokers eyes,
The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I may giue the prise.
And thus no flowers my fancie fedes, or liketh so my lust,
As that I may subiect my selfe, to toyes of tickle trust.
For flowers though they be faire and fresh, of sente excelling swéte,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our fæt.
And shall I then goe stoupe to such? or els goe sék to chose,
Shall flowers enforce me once to faune, for feare of frændes or foes.
Yet rather yéld I to the right, as reason hath assignd,
Mine author saide there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde.
And yet perhaps some Træ there is, to shrowd me from the shower,
That with her armes may salue the soule, that yeldeth to her power.
Where I may finde some pleasant shade, to salue me from the Sunne,
Eche thing we sée that reason hath, vnto the trees do runne.
Both men and beastes, such soules as flies, the treasures are the trees,
And for my part when braunches fall, I wish no other fees.
But when the stormes beset me round, such succour God me send,
That I may finde a freendly tree, that will me well defend.
No tree there is which yeldes no good, to some that doth it seeke,
And as they are of diuers kindes, their vses are vnlike.
The Ewe tree serues the Bowyers turne, the ashe the Coopers art.
The puissant Oke doth make the poste, the Pine some other parte.

The

The Elme doth helpe to hide the birdes in weary Winters night,
The Briers I gesse are nothing woorth, they serue but for dispight.
The willowe wight I farre from hence, good will deserues no wrong,
The Sallow well may serue their states, that sing so sad a song.
The Bore and Bæche eche for himselfe, aboue the rest doth bolne,
The eglantine for pleasure oft, is pricked vpon the poste.
The Hauthorne is so sad in prise, the Bayes do beare the bell,
And that these Bayes did bring no blisse, I like it not so well.
As erst I do that sæmely træ by which those Bayes I found,
And wherewithall vnwittingly, I took so great a wound.
As if the træ by which I leane, doth lend me no relæfe,
There is no helpe but downe I fall, so great is growne my græfe.
And therfore at the last I craue, this fauour for to finde,
When euery træ that here is tolde, begines to grow vnkinde.
The B. for beautie whom I boste, and shall aboue the rest,
That B may take me to her truste, for B. doth please me best.
It likes me well to walke the way, where B doth kæp her bower.
And when it raines to B. I runne, to saue me from the shower.
This braunche of B which here I meane, to kæp and chasly craue,
At beck vnto this B. I bow, to serue that beauty braue,
What shall I say the time doth passe, the tale to tedious is,
Though loth to leaue, yet leaue I must, and say no more but this.
I wish this B. I might embrace, when as the same I sæ,
A league for life then I require, betwæn this B. and me.
And though vnwoorthy, yet good will doth worke the way hærin,
And B. hath brought the same about, which beautie did begin. Finis.

58. In commendation of Musicke.

WHere griping græfe the hart would wound, & dolful dumps ỳ minde oppresse,
Ther musick with her siluer sound, is wont wt spæd to giue redresse
Of troubled mindes for euery sore, swæt Musick hath a salue in store:
In ioy it makes our mirth abound, in græfe it chæres our heauy spirites,
The carefull head relæf hath found, by Musickes plesant swæt delites,
Our senses, what should I say more? are subiect vnto musickes lore.
The Gods by Musick hath their pray, the foule therein doth toy,
For as the Romain Poets say, in seas whom Pirates would destroy.
A Dolphin saued from death most sharpe, *Arion* playing on his harpe.
Of heauenly gift ỳ turnes the mind, like as the stern doth rule the ship,
Do Musick whō ỳ Gods assignde to comfort man, whō cares would nip
Sith thou both man & beast dost moue, what wise mā thē will thæ reproue.

59. A Dilogue between the Author and his eye.

Auctthor.

MY Eye why dost thou light on that, which was not thine?
Why hast thou with thy sight, thus slaine an hart of mine?
O thou vnhappie Eye, would God thou hadst been blinde,
When first thou didst her spye, for whom this grefe I finde.

Eye.

Why sir it is not I, that do deserue such blame,
Your fancie not your Eye, is causer of the same.
For I am ready prest, as Page that serues your ease,
To search what thing is best, that might your fancie please.

Auctthor.

I sent thee forth to see, but not so long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide.
Thy message being done, thou might st returne againe,
So Cupid Venus soone, no whit my hart should paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth sway, there *Cupid* will be bolde.
And reason flyes away, from *Cupids* shaft of golde.
If you finde ease thereby, some deale of painefull smart,
Alas blame not your Eye, but blame consent of hart.

Auctthor.

My hart must I excuse, and lay the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when hart from thought was free.
Thy sight thus brought consent, consent hath bred my grief,
And griefe bids be content, with sorrowe for releef.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

60. Finding no ioye he desireth death.

THe Cunnie in his Caue, the Ferret doth annoy,
And flying thence his life to saue, himselfe dooth he destroye.
His berrie round about beset, with hunters snares,
So that when he to scape startes out, is caught therein vnwares.
Like choise poore man haue I, to bide and rest in Loue.
Or els from thence to flye, as bad a death to proue.
I see in loue no rest, vnkindenesse dooth persue,
To rent his hart out of his brest, which is a louer true.
And if from Loue I start, as one that loue forsakes,
Then penstiue thoughtes my hart dooth pearce, and so my life it takes.
Then thus to flye or bide, hard is the choyse to chuse,

With death hath tamp'd and trencht eche side, and saieth life now refuse.
Content I am therefore, my life therin to spend,
And death I take a salue for sore, my weary dayes to end.
And thus I you require, that faithfull Loue professe,
When Carkasse cased in his Chest, and body laide on hearse.
Your brinish teares to saue, such as my course shall moue,
And therwith write vpon my graue, behold the force of Loue.
FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Hope well and haue well.

In hope the ship man hoisteth saile, in hope of passage good.
In hope of health the sickest man, doth suffer losse of blood.
In hope the Prisoner linkt in chaines, hopes liberty to finde,
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.
In hope desire gets victorie, in hope great comfort springes,
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stinges.
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.
In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of frut, the paines seeme swet, that to the tree doth clime.
In hope of Loue, such glory growes, as now by proofe I finde,
That hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.
FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

He requesteth some freendly comfort, affirming his constancie.

The mountaines hye whose loftie toppes, doth meet the hautie skis,
The craggie rocke that to the Sea, free passage doth denie.
The aged Oake that doth resist, the force of blustering blast,
The pleasant hearbe that euery where, a fragrant smell doth cast.
The Lyons force whose courage stout, declares a princelike might,
The Eagle that for worthinesse, is borne of Kings in sight.
The Serpent eke whose poysoned iawes, doth belch out venim vile,
The lothsome Tode that shunneth light, and lieth in erth.
These these I say, and thousands more, by tract of time decay,
And like to time do quite consume, and vade from time to clay.
But my true hart and seruice bow'd, shall last time out of minde,
And still remaine as thine by doome, as *Cupid* hath assignde.
My faith loe here I bow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
My goods my freends, my life is thine, what need I more to tell:
I am not mine but thine I bow, thy hestes I will obay,
And serue thee as a seruant ought, in pleasing if I may.

And ſith I haue no flying winges, to ſée thée as I wiſhe,
Nor fiſhes to cut the ſiluer ſtreames as doth the gliding fiſhe.
Wherefore leaue now forgetfulneſſe, and ſend againe to me,
and ſtraine thy Azured vaines to write, then I may greeting ſée.
And thus farewell more deere to me, then cheefeſt frend I haue,
Whoſe loue in part I minde to ſhrine, till death his fee doth craue.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

He complaineth his miſhap.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath runne, ſhall fancie now forſake?
Shall fortune loſe that fauour wonne, ſhall not your anger ſlake?
Shall hatefull hart be had in you, that freendly did pretend,
Shall ſlipper thought and faith vntrue, that hart of yours defend?
Shall nature ſhew youre beauty faire, that gentle ſeemes to be?
Shall frowardneſſe your fancies heire, be of more force then ſhe?
Shall now diſdaine the dragge of death, direct and lead the way?
Shall all the Impes vpon the earth, reioyce at my decay?
Shall this the ſeruice of my youth, haue ſuch reward at laſt?
Shall I receiue rigour of ruthe, and be from fauour caſt?
Shall I therfore berent my haires, with wightes that wiſh to dye?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelfe with teares, to feed your fickle eye?
No no, I ſhall in paine lye ſtill with turtle Doue moſt true,
And vow my ſelfe to wit and will, their counſells to enſue.
Good Ladies all that Louers be, and that to be pretend,
Giue place to wit, let reaſon ſeeme, your enemies to defend.
Leaſt that you thinke as I haue thought, your ſelfe to ſtrine in vaine,
And ſo to be in thraldome brought, with me to ſuffer paine.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

No Foe to a Flatterer.

I Would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not ſo:
I am not blinde although I winke, I feele what windes do blowe.
I know where craft with ſmiling cheare, creepes into bouldned breſt,
I heare how faigned ſpeeche ſpeake faire, where hatred is poſſeſt.
I ſee the ſerpent lye and lurke vnder the greene alowe:
I ſee him watch a time to worke, his poyſon to beſtowe.
An freendly loke ſuch fraude is found, as faith for feare is fled,
And freendſhip hath receiu'de ſuch wound, as he is almoſt dead.

And hatefull hart with malice great, so boyles in cankred minde,
That flatterie flearing in the face, had almost made me blinde.
But now I see all is not golde, that glittreth in the eye,
Nor yet such frendes as they professe, as now by proef I trye,
Though secret spight by craft, haue made a Coate of Panters skin.
And thinkes to finde me in the shade, by slightes to wrap me in.
Yet God be praised my eye is cleare, and can beholde the Sunne,
When falshod dare not once appeere, to ende that he begun.
Thus time shall trye the thing amisse, which God saue shortly send,
And turne the hart that faigned is, to be a faithfull frend.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

His comparison of Loue.

THe spider with great skill, doth trauell day by day,
His limmes no time lye still, to set his house in staye.
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to raigne,
A blast of winde vnthought, doth driue it downe againe.
The proofe wherof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paines himselfe a new in hope to dwell more sure.
And in some secret place, a corner of a wall,
He frameth himselfe a place, to builde and rest withall.
His pleasure swete to stay, when he to rest is bent,
An vgly shamble flye, approcheth to his tent,
And there intendes by force, his labours great to winne,
Or els to yeld his course, by fatall death therin.
Thus is the spiders nest, from time to time throwne downe,
And he to labour prest, with endlesse paine vnknowne.
So such as Louers be, like trauell do attaine,
Those endlesse woorkes yée see, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

A Louers ioy.

I Haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioy to think on ioye,
A ioye I haue withstod, to finnish mine annoye.
I hate not without cause alas, yet loue I know not why,
I thought to hate I cannot hate, although that I should die,
A foe most swete, a freend most sower, I ioy for to embrace,
I hate the wrong and not the wight, that wrkt my wofull case
What thing is it I know not I, but yet a thing there is,

That in my fancie still perswades, there is no other blisse.
The ioyes of life, the pangues of death, it makes me feele eche day,
But life nor death this humor, can deuise to weare away.
Faine would I dye, but yet in death, no hope I see remaines,
And shall I liue? since life I see, a course of sory paines.
What is it then that I doo seek, what ioye would I aspire,
A thing that is deuine belike, too high for mans desire.

FINIS. *F. K.*

Euill to him that euill thinketh.

THe subtill slily slightes, that worldly men doo worke,
The friendly shewes vnder whose shade, most craft doth often lurk.
Enforceth me alas, with pernfull voice to saye,
Woe worth the wilye heads, that seekes the simple mans decay.
The bird that dreades no guile, is soonest caught in snare,
Eche gentle hart deuoide of craft, is soonest brought to care.
Good Nature soonest trapt, which giues me cause to saye,
Woe worth the wilye heads, that seeke the simple mans decay.
I see the serpent vile, that lurkes vnder the greene,
How subtilly he shrouds himselfe, that he may not be seene.
And yet his fosters bane, his learing lookes bewray,
Woe worth the wilye heades that seekes, the simple mans decay.
Woe worth the feyning lookes, on fauour that we doo waite,
Woe worth the feined freendly hart, that harbours deepe deceipt.
Woe worth the Vipers broode, oh thrise woe worth I say,
All worldly wilye heades, that seekes the simple mans decay.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

He assureth his constancie.

WIth painted speech I list not proue, my cunning for to trye,
Nor yet will vse to fill my pen, with guilefull flatterie,
With pen in hand and hart in brest, shall faithfull promise make,
To loue you best, and serue you most, by your good vertues sake.
And sure Dame Nature hath you deckt with giftes aboue the rest,
Let not disdaine a harbour finde, within your noble brest.
For Loue hath led his Law a like, to men of eche degree,
So shall the begger with the Prince, shall loue as well as he.
I am no Prince I must confesse, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a brutish Begger borne, that feedes among the swine.
But shall trie the tree at last, the blossomes good or no,
Then doo not iudge of me the worse, till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue so then reward, I make you Iudge of all,
If I be false in worde or deed let lightning thunder fall.
And furies fell with frantick fittes, bereaue and staye my breath,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Complayning of his mishap to his freend, he complaineth wittely.

A. The fire shall freese, the frost shall frie the frozen mountaines hye,
B. What strange thing hath dame natures force, to turne her course
A. My loue hath me left and taken a new man, (awrye:
B. This is not strange, it happes oft times the trueth to scan.
A. the moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange? *B.* light loue will change,
A. By skilfull meanes I her reclaime, to stoupe vnto my lure,
B. Such haggard Hawkes will soare away, of them who can be sure?
A. With siluer belles and hode, my ioy was her to decke,
B. She was full gorgde, she would the soner giue the check.
A. The moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Her chirping lips would chirpe to me, sweet wordes of her desire,
B. Such chirping birdes who euer saw, to preache still on one briere.
A. She saide she loued me best, and would do till she dye,
B. She saide in woordes, she thought it not, as time doth trye.
A. the moze in my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Can no man win a woman so, to make her loue endure,
B. To make the Fore his wyles to leaue, what man will put in bre.
A. Why then there is no choyce, but all women will change,
B. As men do vse, so some women doo loue to range.
A. the moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Sith slipper gaines falles to my lot, fare well that gliding pray,
B. Sith that the Dice doth run awry, betimes leaue off thy play.
A. I will no moze lament, the thing I may not haue:
B. Then by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
A. Loue will I refraine, *B.* therby thou shalt gaine.

A. will ist.

A. With losse I will leaue, *B.* she will thee deceiue.
A. That is not strange, *B.* then let her range.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

No paines comparable to his attempt.

LIke as the dolefull Doue, delightes alone to be,
And doth refuse the blomed braunch, chusing the leaseleſſe tree.
Wheron waylng his chaunce, with bitter teares besprent,
Doth with his byll, his tender breast, oft pearse and all to rent.
Whose greeuous groninges tho, whose gripes of pinching paine,
Whose gastly lokes, whose blody streames out flowing from ech vaine
Whose falling from the tree, whose panting on the ground,
Examples be of mine estate, tho there appeere no wound.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

He repenteth his follye.

ALack when I loke back, vpon my youth thats past,
And deeply ponder youthes offence, and youthes reward at last:
With sighes and teares I say, O God I not deny,
My youth with folly hath deserued, with follye for to dye.
But yet if euery sinfull man, might mercy moue to ruth,
God Lord with mercy dow forgiue, the follies of my youth.
In youth I rangde the feeldes, where vices all did growe,
In youth alas I wanted grace, such vice to ouerthrowe.
In youth what I thought sweet, most bitter now dw finde,
Thus hath the follyes of my youth, with follye kept me blinde.
Yet as the Eagle castes her bill, whereby her age renueth,
So Lord with mercy dw forgiue, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

No pleasure without some paine.

HOw can the tree but waste and wither away.
That hath not sometime comfort of the Sunne:
How can that flower but vade and sone decay,
That alwayes is with darke cloudes ouer runne.
Is this a life? nay death you may it call:
That fæles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at all.
What fodlesse beast, can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life, where sences there be none?

Or what auailleth eies, without their sight,
Or els a tongue to him that is alone.
Is this a life? nay death you may it call:
That feles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all.
Whereto serues ears, if that there be no sound
Or such a head where no deuice doth grow:
But all of plaints, since sorrow is the ground,
Whereby the heart, doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life? nay death ye may it call,
That feles each paine, and knowes no ioy all.

FINIS. *L. Vnux.*

The fruit of fained friends.

IN choice of friends, what hap had I to chose one of *Syrens* kind, (blind
Whose harp, whose pipe, whose melody, could fed my eares & make me
Whose pleasant voice made me forget, that in sure trust is great deceit.
In trust I see is treason found, and man to man deceiptfull is,
And whereas treasure doth abound, of flatterers there do not misse.
Whose painted speech and outward show, do seeme as friends & be not so
Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the *Crocadill*,
Which if a man a sleepe may see, with bloodie thirst desires to kill.
And then with tears a while gan weep, the death of him thus slain a sleep
O fauel false, thou traitor borne, what mischiefe more might thou deuise,
Then thy deer friend to haue in scorne, and him to wound in sundry wise,
Which still a friend pretends to be, and art not so by prowfe I see.
Fie, fie vpon such treacheris. *W. H.*
If such false shippes do haunt the shore,
Strike downe the saile and trust no more. *M. Edwards.*

A Dialogue betweene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. SHall I no way win you to grant my desire?
B. What woman will graunt you the thing you require?
A. You onely to loue me, is all that I craue,
B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. My deere alasse now say not so.
B. To loue you best I must say no.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do still. *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

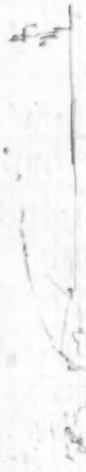
A. The swifter I followe, then you flye away.
B. Swift Haukes in their flying, oft times misse their pray.
A. Yet some killeth deadly, that flie to the marke,
B. You shall touch no feather, thereof take no carke.
A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
B. You blow the coales and raise no fier.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. To loue is no danger where true loue is ment,
B. I will loue no ranger least that I repent.
A. My loue is no ranger, I make God a vow,
B. to trust your smothe sayinges, I sure know not how.
A. Most trueth I meane, as time well shall trie,
B. No trueth in men, I oft espie.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will *B.* do still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than

A. Some women may say nay, and meane loue most true,
B. Some women can make fooles, of as wise men as you.
A. In time I shall catch you, I know when and where,
B. I will soone dispatch you, you shall not come there.
A. Some spedes at length, that oft haue miss,
B. I am well armd, come when you list.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* doo still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. Yet woorke your kinde kindely, graunt me loue for loue.
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue.
A. Most true you shall finde me, I this doo protest.
B. Then sure thou shalt binde me, to graunt thy request.
A. O happie threed now haue I spunne,
B. You sing before the conquest won.
A. Why then will you swarue, *B.* euen as you deserue.
A. Loue still, *B.* I will. *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than. Finis. *M. Edwardes.*

Excelsimine



Exclaiming vpon his vnkinde Loue, his freend replyeth wittelye.

M. WHat death May be compared to Loue?
H. What græfe therein now dwſt thou pꝛoue?
M. My paines alas, who can expꝛeſſe,
H. I ſæ no cauſe of heauineſſe.
M. My Ladies lokes, my woe hath wꝛought,
H. Then blame thine eyes that firſt hath ſought.
M. I burne alas and blow the fier,
H. A fole conſumes by his deſire.
M. What ſhall I dw than? *H.* Come out if thou can.
M. Alas I dye, *H.* What remedye.

M. My ſugred ſwæte is mired with gall,
H. Thy Lady cannot dw withall.
M. The moꝛe I ſæk, the leſſe I finde,
H Then ſtriue not with the ſtreame and winde.
M. Yet muſt I loue although I ſmart,
H. with her owne ſwoꝛd thou ſlayeſt thy hart.
M. Such pleſant baites, who can refraine,
H. Such baites will ſure bꝛæd thæ great paine.
M. what ſhall I dw than? *H.* Come out and thou can.
M. Alas I dye, *H.* what remedye.

M. Yer golden beames, mine eyes dw daze,
H Upon the Sunne, thou mayeſt not gaſe.
M. She might reward my cruell ſmart,
H. She thinkes thou hadſt a faigned hart.
M. She laughes to heare my wofull cryes,
H. Foꝛſake her then, in time be wiſe.
M. No, no alas that may not be,
H. No wiſeman then will pitie thé.
M. What ſhall I doe than, *H.* Come out and thou can.
M. Alas I dye, *H.* what remedie.

M. A liuing death loe thus I pꝛoue,
H. Such are the fruites of froward loue.
M O that I might her loue once gaine,
H. Thy gaine would not halfe quite thy paine.

M. Yet will I loue, though she be coy,
H. A fole himselfe, will still annoy.
M. Who will not die for such a one?
H. Be wise at length, let her alone.
M. I cannot do so, *H.* then be thine owne foe.
M. Alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

FINIS. *E. S.*

The complaint of a Louer, wearing blacke and tawnie.

A Crowne of Baies shall that man weare,
That triumphes ouer me:
For Blacke and Tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.
The more I follow on, the more she fled away:
As *Daphne* did full long agoe, *Apollos* wishfull pray.
The more my plaintes I do resound, the lesse she pities me,
The more I sought, the lesse I found, that mine she ment to be.
Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And sing *Bis*, woe worth on me forsaken man,
Then *Daphnes* baies shall that man weare, that triumphes ouer me,
For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be.
Drowne me you trickling teares, you wailefull wights of woe
Come helpe these hands to rent my haires, my rufull hap to showe,
Of whome the scorching flames of Loue, doth fede you see,
Ah a lalalantida my deere dame hath thus tormented me.
Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And sing *Bis*, woe worth on me forsaken man.
Then *Daphnes* baies shall that man weare, that triumphes ouer me,
For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be.
An Ankers life to lead, with nailes to scrach my graue,
Where earthly wormes on me shall fede, is all the ioyes I craue,
And hide my selfe from shame, sith that mine eies do see,
Ah a lalalantida my deere Dame, hath thus tormented me.
And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And sing *Bis*, woe worth on me forsaken man.

FINIS. *E. O.*

Finding no reliefe, he complaineth thus.

IN quest of my beliefe, I find distresse,
In recompence of loue, most deepe disdaine:

My langour ſuch as wordes may not expreſſe,
A ſhower of teares my watrye eye doth rayne.
I dreame of this, and do deſine of woe,
I wander in the thoughts of my ſweet foe.
I would no peace, the cauſe of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in Froſt:
I lie a lowe, yet mounts my minde on hie,
Thus doubtfull ſtormes my troubled thoughts haue toſt.
And for my paine, this pleaſure do I preaue,
I hate my ſelfe, and pine in others Loue.
The world I graſpe, yet holde I nought at all.
At libertie I ſeeme in priſon pent:
I taſte the ſweet, more ſower then bitter Gall,
My chippe ſeemes ſound, and yet her ribbes be rent.
And out alas on Fortune falſe I crie,
Loke what I craue, that ſtill ſhe doth denie.
Both life and death be equall vnto me,
I do deſire to die, yet craue I life:
My wits with ſundrie thoughts do diſagree,
My ſelfe am with my ſelfe at mortall ſtrife.
As warmth of Sunne doth melt the ſiluer ſnow,
The heat of loue, behold conſumes me ſo.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

Written vpon the death of his eſpeciall good friend Maſter *Iohn Barnabe*, who departed this life at *Benſted* in the countie of *Southampton*, the 25. of Ianuarie. 1579. *Aetatis* 79.

MIne owne good Father thou art gone, thine eares are ſtopt with clay
Thy ghoſt is fled, thy body dead, thou heareſt not what I ſay.
Thy deareſt friends may ſigh and ſob, thy children crie and call,
Thy wife may waile and not preuaile, nor do thee good at al.
Though reaſon would we ſhould reioyce, and trickling teares reſtraine,
Yet kindlineſſe and friendlineſſe, enforce vs to complaine,
Thy life was good, our loſſe the more, thy preſence cheard our heart,
Thy lacke and abſence turnd therefore, our ſolace into ſmart.
I found thee both a kindly friend, and friendly Father too,
Barnabie lackes breath, O cruell death, and couldſt thou part vs two?
But death derides my wofull wordes, and to my saying ſaith,
Thus fooliſh wight I did but right, I force no friend nor faith.

The

The Lord of life, and Lord of death, my threatning hand did let,
Else when that he in Cradle lay. I might haue claimde my debt.
His corpes is clad with cloddes of earth, his soule doth soare on hye,
Before the throne of God aboue whose seruant he did dye
And thou his frænd, and she his spouse and they his children shall,
Beholde the Father, frænd and mate, whose absence grænes you all.
But he nor can, nor will returne, to thæ, or her, or them,
For heauen is his, he liues in blisse, yæ dwell with mortall men.
Yæ dwell in darke and dreadfull den, in prison pent are yæ,
Ye liues in light and all delight, from thraldome franke and fræ.
Wishe not that he should come to you, for then ye do him wrong,
But wishe that yæ may goe to him, the blessed Saintes among.

FINIS. *H, D.*

Cœlum non solum.

IF care or skill could conquer vaine desires,
Or reasons raignes, my strong affection stay:
Then should my sighes, to quiet brest retire,
And shun such sighes as secret thoughtes bewray.
Uncomely loue which now lurkes in my brest,
Should cease my græf, though wisdomes power oppresse.
But who can leaue to lok on *Venus* face,
Or yeldeth not to *Iunos* high estate?
What wit so wise, as giues not *Pallas* place,
These vertues rare, ech Gods, did yeld a mate.
Saue her alone who yet on earth doth raigne,
Whose beauties string, no God can well destraine.
What worldly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onely sighes must make his secret mone:
A silent sute, doth seld to grace aspire,
My hapless hap, doth roule the restless stone.
yet *Phœbe* fairer disdaine the heauens aboue,
To ioy on earth her peere *Endimions* loue.
Rare is reward, where none can iustly craue,
For chaunce is choyse, where reason makes no claime:
yet luck somtimes, dispairing soules doth saue,
A happie starre, made *Giges* ioy attaine.
A slauish *Smith* of rude and raskall race,
Found meanes in time, to gaine a Goddesse grace.

Then lofty Loue, thy ſacred ſailes aduance,
My ſighing ſeas ſhall ſlowe with ſtreames of teares:
Amidſt diſdaine, driue forth my doleſull chaunce,
A valiant mind no deadly danger feares.
Who loues aloft, and ſets his hart on hye,
Deſerues no paine, though he doo pine and dye.

FINIS. *E. O.*

A Louer reiected complaineth.

THe trickling teares that falles along my chéekes,
The ſecret ſighes that ſhowes my inward greef:
The preſent paines perforce, that loue aye ſéekes,
Bids me renue my cares without releef,
In wofull ſong, in dole diſplaye,
My penſiue hart for to bewraie.
Bewraie thy greef, thy wofull hart with ſpéed,
Reſigne thy voice, to her that cauſde thy woe:
With irkeſome cryes bewaile thy late doon déede,
For ſhe thou loueſt, is ſure thy mortall foe,
And helpe for thée, there is none ſure,
But ſtill in paine thou muſt indure.
The ſtricken Deere hath help to heale his wound,
The haggard Hawke, with toyle is made full tame:
The ſtrongeſt Tower, the Canon layes on ground,
The wiſeſt wit that euer had the fame.
Was thrall to loue, by *Cupids* ſleightes:
Then way my cauſe with equall weightes.
She is my ioy, ſhe is my care and woe,
She is my paine, ſhe is my eaſe therfore:
She is my death, ſhe is my life alſo,
She is my ſalue, ſhe is my wounded ſore.
In fine, ſhe hath the hand and knife.
That may both ſaue and end my life.
And ſhall I liue on earth to be her thrall?
And ſhall I ſue and ſerue her all in vaine?
And kiſſe the ſteppes that ſhe lets fall,
And ſhall I pray the Gods to keepe the paine,
From her that is ſo cruell ſtill?
No no, on her worke all your will.

And let her ſæle the power of all your might,
And let her haue her moſt deſire with ſpæd:
And let her pine away, both day and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her need.
And let all thoſe that ſhall her ſæ,
Deſpiſe her ſtate and pittie me.

FINIS. *E. O.*

Not attaining to his deſire, he complaineth.

I Am not as ſeeme to be, nor when I ſmile, I am not glad,
Al thy all although you count me free, I moſt in mirth, moſt penſiue ſad.
I ſmile to ſhade my bitter ſpight, as *Haniball* that ſaw in ſight,
His Countrie ſoile with *Carthage* towne, by *Romaine* force defaced down
And *Cæſar* that preſerued was, with noble *Pompeis* princely head,
As twere ſome iudge to rule the caſe, a flood of teares hee ſeemd to ſhed.
Although indeed it ſprung of ioy, yet other thought it was annoy.
Thus contraries be vſed I finde, of wiſe to cloake the couert minde.
I *Haniball* that ſmiles for griefe, and let you *Cæſars* teares ſuffice,
The one that laughs at his miſchiefe, the other all for ioy that cries.
I ſmile to ſee me ſcorned ſo, you weepe for ioy to ſee me woe.
And I in heart by loue ſlaine dead, preſents a place of *Pompeis* head.
O cruell hap and hard eſtate, that forceth me to loue my foe,
Accurſed be ſo foule a fate, my choice for to preſire it ſo.
So long to fight with ſecret force, and finde no ſecret ſalue therefore,
Some purge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in vaine do breath my (wind.

FINIS. *E. O.*

A yong Gentleman willing to trauell into forraine parts, being intreated to ſtay in *England*. Wrote as followeth.

WHo ſeekes the way to win renowne,
Or flieth with wings of high deſire:
Who ſeekes the way to winne renowne,
Or hath the mind that would aſpire,
Let him his natiue ſoile eſchewe:
Let him go range and ſeeke a new.
Each hautie heart is well content,
With euerie chance that ſhall betide:
No hap can hinder his intent.
Be ſteadfaſt ſands, though Fortune ſlide.

The Sun ſaieth he doth ſhine aſwell,
Abroad as earſt where I did dwell.
In change of ſtreames each fiſh can liue,
Eache foule content with euery ayre:
The noble minde each where can thriue,
And not be drowned in deep diſpaire.
Wherfore I iudge all landes alike,
To hautye hartes that Fortune ſéeke.
To toſſe the Seas ſome thinkes a toyle,
Some thinke it ſtrange abroad to rome:
Some thinke it greef to leaue their ſoyle,
Their parents, kinſfolkes, and their home.
Thinke ſo who liſt, I like it not,
I muſt abroad to tryc my lot.
Who luſt at home at Carte to drudge,
And carcke and care for worldly trafbe:
With buckled ſhoe let him goe trudge,
In ſtéed of launce a whip to ſwaſh.
A minde thats baſe himſelfe will ſhewe,
A carrion ſweete to féed a Crowe.
If *Iaſon* of that minde had béen,
Or wandring Prince that came from *Greece*:
The golden fleece had béen to winne,
And Priams Troy had béen in bliſſe,
though dead in déedes and clad in clay,
their worthy Fame will nere decay.
The worthyes nine that were of mightes,
By trauaile wanne immortall praiſe:
If they had lined like Carpet Knightes,
Conſuming Idlely all their dayes.
their praiſes had with them béen dead,
Where now abroad their Fame is ſpread.

FINIS.

No ioy comparable to a quiet minde.

I A loathſome race, purſued by ſlippery life,
Whoſe ſugred guile, with gliſtering ioy preſents
The carefull ghoaſt oppreſſed ſore with ſtrife,
Yeldes ghaſtly grones from painefull paſſions ſent.

The sinfull flesh that beares him here in viewe,
In steed of life, dooth dreadfull death pursue,
The waye he seeth by touches of merites grace,
Wherein to runne alas he gladly would:
But filthy flesh, his wretched dwelling place,
Dooth so rebell, at that which do he should.
That silye soule, who fedes his heauye need,
Can onely will, but naught performe in deede.
Thy will through grace dooth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleshly foe:
Yelds foorth such fruites, as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindely suckes the sappe of deadly woe.
Esteeming shewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And scorning fruit by grace, eternall sowne.
Though eye dooth see ý death doth swallowe all,
Both life and lust, and euery sound delight:
Yet wretched flesh, through sinne is made so thrall,
That nought it markes apparant thinges in sight.
That might him traine, to care of better grace:
Both dooth him bale, with greedy lust imbrace.
Then since desert, and all thinges weare away,
That nought remaine, but fruit of grace or sinne:
God build in vs such conscience as can say,
This fruit not mine, but sinne that dwelt in me.
For why to sinne, I dayly doo in sight:
That vnto Christ I may reuiue my spright.

FINIS. q. *Candishe.*

That Loue is requited by disdaine.

In searche of thinges that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested most the head and minde of man.
The bending browe of Princes face, to wrathe that dooth attend,
Or want of Parents, wife or childe, or losse of faithfull frend.
The roaring of the Canon shot, that makes the pece to shake,
Or terrour such as mightye *Ioue* from heauen aboue can make.
All these in fine may not compare, experience so dooth proue,
Unto the torments sharpe and strange, of such as be in loue.
Loue lookes aloft, and laughes to scorne, all such as greefe anoye,
The more extreame their passions be, the greater is his ioy.

Of Loue

Thus Loue as victour of the feeld, triumphes about the reſt,
And toyes to ſee his ſubiectes lye, with liuing death in breſt.
But dire diſdaine lets driue a ſhaft, and gaules this bragging ſole,
He pluckes his plumes, vnbendes his bowe, and ſets him neere to ſchoole
Wherby this boy that bragged late, as conqureour ouer all,
Now yeldes himſelfe vnto diſdaine, his vaſſall and his thrall.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Of a contented eſtate.

IN wealth we ſee ſome wealthy men, abound in wealth moſt wealthily
In wealth we ſee thoſe men againe, in wealth do liue moſt wretchedly.
And yet of wealth hauing more ſtore.
Then earſt of wealth they had before.
Theſe welthy men do ſeem to wãt, they ſeeme to want ỹ moſt they haue,
The more poſſeſſe, the more they craue, the more they craue, the greater ſtore
The moſt they haue, they think but ſcant,
Yet not content, woe be therfore.
The ſimple men that leſſe wealth haue, with leſſer wealth we ſee cõtent
Content are they twixt wealth and ſcathe, a life to leade indifferent.
And thus of wealth theſe men haue more:
Then thoſe of which we ſpoke before.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Being diſdained, he complaineth.

IF freendles faith, if guiltleſſe thought may ſheeld,
If ſimple trueth that neuer meant to ſwarue,
If deare deſire, accepted fruite doo yeelde,
If greedy luſt, in loyall life doo ſerue,
Then may my plaint, bewaile my heauye harme:
That ſeeking calme, haue ſtumbled on the ſtorme.
My woonted cheare, Eclipſed by the Cloude,
Of deepe diſdaine, through errour of report:
If wearye we enwrapped in the ſhrowde,
Lyes ſlaine by tunge, of the vnfreendly ſort.
Yet heauen, and earth, and all that nature wrought,
I call to bowe of my vnſpotted thought.
No ſhade I ſeeke, in parte to ſhelde my ſtaine,
But ſimple trueth, I hunt no other ſute:
On that I gape, the iſſue of my plainte,

If that I quaile, let iustice me confute.
If that my place amongst the guilteleſſe ſort,
Repay by dome my name, and good report.
Goe heauy hearſe, purſue deſired grace,
Where pitie shrinde in cell of ſecret breſt:
Awaites my haſte, the rightfull lot to place,
And loathes to ſee the guiltleſſe man oppreſt.
whoſe vertues great, hath crownd her more w̄ fame
Then kingly ſtate, though largely shine the ſame.
FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Of the meane eſtate.

THe higher that the Cedar tree, vnto the heauens do grow,
The more in danger is the top, when ſturdie windes gan blow.
Who iudges them in Princely throne, to be deuoide of hate,
Doth yet not know what heapes of ill, lyes hid in ſuch eſtate.
Such dangers great, ſuch gripes of minde, ſuch toyle do they ſuſtaine,
That often times of God they wiſh, to be vnkingd againe.
For as the huge and mighty rockes, withſtand the raging ſeas,
So kingdomes in ſubiection be, whereas dame Fortune pleale.
Of brittle ioy, of ſmiling cheare, of hony mixt with gall,
Alotted is to euery Prince, in freedome to be thrall.
What watches long, what ſlepes vnſure, what greef and care of minde,
What bitter broyles, what endleſſe toyles, to kingdomes be aſſignde.
The ſubiect then may well compare with Prince for pleſant dayes,
Whoſe ſilent night brings quiet reſt, whoſe ſleppes no ſtorme bewraies.
How much be we then bound to God, who ſuch prouiſion makes,
To lay our cares vpon the Prince, thus doth he for our ſakes.
To him therfore let vs lift vp our harts, and pray amaine:
That euery Prince that he hath plaſte, may long in quiet raigne.
FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Of a contented minde.

WHen all is don and ſaide, the end thus ſhall you finde,
The moſt of all doth bathe in bliſſe, that hath a quiet minde.
And cleare from worldly cares, to deeme can be content:
The ſweeteſt time of all this life in thinking to be ſpent.
The body ſubiect is to ſickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishaps, is caſuall euery hower.

And death in time, doth change it to a clod of claye,
When as the minde which is deuine, ronnes neuer to decay.
Companion none is like vnto the minde alone,
For many haue bæn harmde by spæch, through thinking fewe or none.
Few oftentimes restraineth words, but makes no thoughtes to cease,
And he speakes best that hath the skill, when for to holde his peace.
Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsemen at the graue.
But vertues of the minde, vnto the heauens with vs we haue.
Wherfore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The swætest time of all my life, to dæme in thinking spent.
FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Trye before you trust.

TO counsaile mine estate abandonde to the spoyle:
Of forged frændes, whose grosest fraude, is set with finest soyle.
To verifie true dealing wightes, whose trust no treason treades:
And all too deare the acquaintance be, of such most harmefull heads.
I am aduised thus, who so doth frænd, frænd so,
As though to morrow next he fear'd, for to become a foe.
To haue a faigned frænd, no perrill like I finde,
Oft fiering face may man tell best, a mischæfe in the minde.
A paire of Angells eares oft times, doth hide a Serpents hart,
Under whose gripes who so doth come, too late bewailes the smart.
Wherefore I do aduise, who so doth frænd, frænd so:
As though to morrow next he fear'd for to become a foe.
Refuse respecting frændes, that courtly know to faine,
For golde that winnes for golde, shall lose the selfe same frænd againe.
The Quaile nædes neuer feare, the Fowlers nettes to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to listen to his call,
Therfore trust not too sæne, but when you frænd, frænd so:
As though to morrow next you fearde, for to become a foe.
FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

He renounceth all the affectes of Loue.

LIke as the Hart that listeth vp his eares,
To heare the Hounds, ỹ hath him in the chase:
Doth cast the winde, in dangers and in feares,
With flying sæte to passe awaye apace.
So must I flye, of Loue the vaine pursuite:
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the fruite.

And I also, must lothe those leering lookes,
Where loue doth lurke still with his subtile sleight:
With painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes,
To trappe by trust that lyeth not in waite.
The end wherof, assaye it who so shall,
Is sugred smart, and inward bitter Gall.
And I must flye with *Syrian* songes,
Wher with that *Circes, Vlisses* did enchaunt:
These wilye wattes, I meane with filed tunges,
That hartes of steele haue power to daunt.
Who so as Hauke that stoupeth to their call:
For most deserte, receiueth least of all.
But woe to me that first beheld these eyes,
The trappe wherin, I say that I was tane,
And outward salue, which inward me destroyes,
Wherto I runne as Rat vnto her bane.
As to the Fish, some time it doth befall:
That with the baite doth swallowe hooke and all.
Within my breast, wherwith I dayly fed,
The vaine repast, of amorous hotte desire:
With loytering lust, so long that hath me fedde,
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In time as *Phœnix* endes her care and carkes,
I make the fier, and burne my selfe with sparkes

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Bethinking himselfe of his end, writeth thus.

WHen I behoulde the Baier, my last and posting Horse,
That beare shall to the graue, my vile and carren coarse,
Then say I fillye wretch, why dost thou put thy trust,
In thinges thats made of clay, and some will turne to dust?
Dost thou not see the yong, the hardy and the faire?
That now are past and gone, as though they neuer were.
Dost thou not see thy selfe draw hourely to thy last?
As shaftes the which are shot, at birdes that flieth fast.
Dost thou not see how death doth strike through with his Launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some by worldly chaunce?
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth more swift away, then doth the Sommer shade?

Loe héere the Sommer flower, that sprung this other day.
But Winter withereth as fast, and bloweth cleane away.
Euen so shalt thou consume, from youth to loathsome age,
For death he doth not spare, the Prince more then the Page.
Thy house shall be of clay, a clot vnder thy head.
Vntill the latter day, the graue shall be thy bed.
Vntill the blowing trump, doth say to all and some:
Rise vp out of the graue, for now the Iudge is come.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Being in Loue, he complaineth.

EAfrayd by Loue and feare, to please and not offend.
Within the wordes you would me write, a message I must send.
A wofull errand sure, a wretched man must write:
A wretched tale, a wofull head, beséemeth to indite.
For what can he but waile, that hath but all he would,
And yet that all is nought at all, but lack of all he should.
But lack of all his minde, what can be greater greef,
That haue and lacke that likes him best, must nods be most mischéefe.
Now sole what makes thée waile, yet some might say full well,
That hast no harme but of thy selfe, as thou thy selfe canst tell.
To whome I answere thus, since all my harmes do grow.
Vpon my selfe, so of my selfe, some hap may come I trow.
And since I sée, both hap and harme betides to me,
For present woe my after blisse, will make me not forget thée.
Who hath a fæld of golde, and may not come therin,
Must line in hope, till he haue force, his treasure well to winne.
Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquere or to lose:
So great a wealth doth rise, and for example doth disclose.
To winne the golden Flæce, stood *Iason* not in dread,
Till *Medeas* hope of health, did giue him hope to speed.
Yet sure his minde was much and yet his feare the more,
That hath no hap but by your helpe, may hap for to restore.
The raging Bulles he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to passe, they could do little harme.
Vnto whose grace yel'd he, as I do offer me,
In to your handes to hap, not like him for to be.
But as King *Priamus*, did yeeld him to the will,
Of *Cressid* false which him forsok with *Diomede* to spill.

So I to you commend my faith, and eke my hope,
I hope you will not be so false, as Cressid was to Troye.
For if I be untrue, her Lovers death I wishe.
And eke in thee if thou be false, her sleyght and her wishe.

FINIS. R. L.

Being in trouble, he writeth thus.

IN terrours trap with thralsome thrust,
Their thronye thoughtes, so false and trye:
In conscience cleare from cause unjust,
With carping teares do call and crye.
And saide O God yet thou art he,
That can and will deliver me. Bis.

Thus trembling there with fearne I trod,
To totter tide in truthes defence:
With sighes and sobbes, I saide O God
Let right not have this recompence.
Least that my foes, might laugh to see,
That thou wouldst not deliver me. Bis.

My sunke eyes to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
With lothsome life, so long forlorne.
And saide O God yet thou art he,
That can and will deliver me. Bis.

Then comfort came with cloathes of joy,
Whose seames were faithfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke the naked boy,
That earst was full of wretchednesse.
And saide be glad, for God is he,
That thwartly will deliver thee.

FINIS W. Hunnis.

Being troubled in minde, he writteth as followeth.

THe bitter sweate, that straines my pelted part,
The tarelesse teare, that doth the same imbrace:
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The perilous path, that guides my restlesse race,
Are at such warre, within my wounded brest:
That both bereave my rest, and eke my rest.